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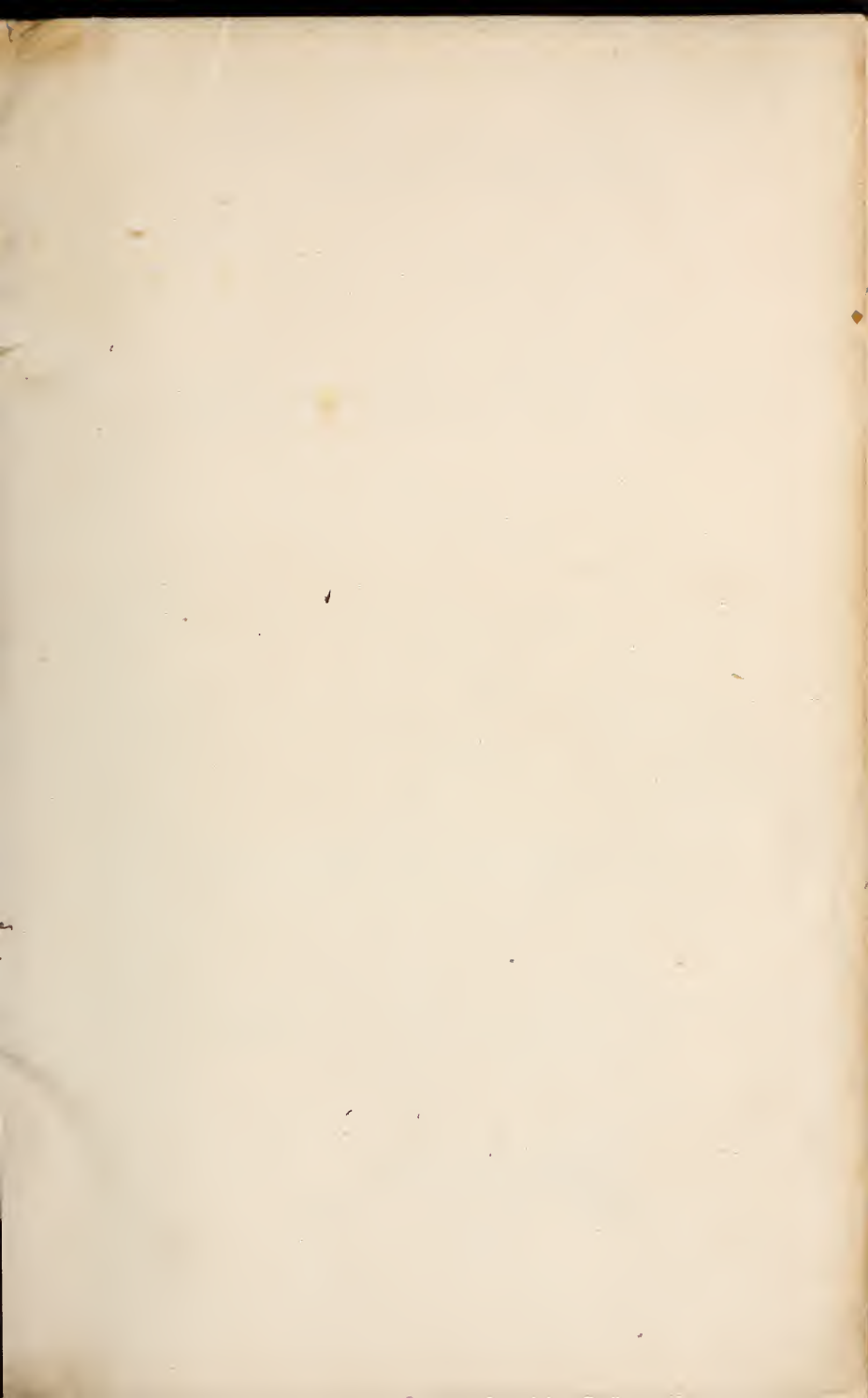
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









AUTO-BIOGRAPHY
OF
JONAS ABRAHAM DAVIS,
A
CONVERT
FROM
JUDAISM TO CHRISTIANITY.

I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief.—*Paul.*
By the grace of God I am what I am.—*Paul.*

KNOXVILLE, TENN.,
PRINTED AT THE REGISTER OFFICE.

1850.

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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850,

By JONAS ABRAHAM DAVIS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District
of Tennessee.

TO THE
REV. JOHN PEACOCK,

PASTOR OF SPENCER PLACE, BAPTIST CHAPEL, COSWELL STREET
ROAD, LONDON.

SIR,

Your Pastoral Letter to me dated London, April, 1850, arrived in time to give me an opportunity of adding to the many pleasing reminiscences to the time when I met in membership and communion with the beloved Church over which you have presided as Under Shepherd, with so much fatherly care for so many years. But never for a moment have I forgotten the time when you, sir, led me *down into the* baptismal water, and what anxiety of mind you manifested for my spiritual welfare, especially when you knew that all my earthly relations had forsaken me, for Christ's sake. You, sir, are somewhat acquainted with my history, and the mysterious Providence that attended my conversion from Judaism to Christianity. You, sir, were the *first* person that ever told me to go to my God, my Testament and the Throne of Grace, in prayer, for counsel. "All this have I done." And by the Grace of God, thus far I have held out faithful.

In token of my very highest honor for your years, love for your continued anxiety for me, and reverence for your calling and your professed religion, permit me to dedicate to you these humble pages.

I am, Reverend Sir, Fraternally,

Your Brother in Jesus Christ our Lord,

JONAS ABRAHAM DAVIS.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR 1649

By JOHN BURNET, BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

LONDON, Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1680.

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TO THE READER.

IN presenting for your consideration a history of my youth, and conversion to Christianity, I wish you to bear in mind that it is not my intention to say any thing at large with reference to the customs of the Jews; for all such information I refer you to "Frey's Jewish Intelligencer." I wish you also to bear in mind that I have drawn the picture of my early days, the days of boyhood, for your inspection. Consequently I have endeavored to simplify all my ideas to the capacity of the rising generation.

The probability is in favor of this little work becoming the favorite of children at home, and also in the precious Sabbath School. O! that it may prove to be subservient to the will of God. I am aware, however, that I am subjecting myself to wholesale criticism. For, in fact, those who love to doubt, will doubt. Skeptics in both moral and religious habiliments, will be very apt to doubt the relation of some facts that I have mentioned, particularly those in reference to the Lord's care over me. I do not, however, blame such people for professing their ignorance of such things, but because they, being ignorant, pretend to judge others. How true is it that the natural man knoweth not the things of the Spirit, because they are not Spiritually discerned. If the reader is a Christian, he will rejoice with me, and pray God that this feeble effort may prove effectual in shaking the kingdom of Satan, to the glory of God in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

APOLOGY TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Christian's watchword is, The Jew, The Jew. All Christendom is enquiring, What is to become of the Jew? Here and there, as sparse as angel's visits, a prayer is offered for their conversion to Christianity, while by far the more numerous prayers are offered for their restoration to Jerusalem, without any reference to their ungodliness. Yet we find an occasional one who embraces the religion of the blessed Saviour, and manifests a desire to take up his cross. When this occurs he is impatient to give public testimony in favor of that religion, which above all others he once most solemnly hated. There are very few, however, who are converted but have a tale to tell of their afflictions for Christ's sake. The natural consequence of suffering for Christ's sake is, an experience of proportionate joy to buoy up his mind, and overbalance his sorrows. And the Gentile Christian loves to hear him tell his joys and sorrows, his losses and gains, his tears and smiles, his persecutions, sacrifices, hair-breadth escapes and general anxieties that he has experienced for the cause of the blessed Jesus. He is impatient to extol the name of him, which but a short time past he hated above all others. The Church feeds on his discourses, for while he is talking about the Christian's race, the *weak* become *strengthened*, and the followers of Jesus bless God and take courage. They see in the conversion of every Jew, renewed, living evidences in favor of *that* religion, upon which they are reposing all their hope for salvation. Inquisitiveness is an exercise of the human mind. Hence, as soon as it is ascertained that a Jew is to preach Christ, all who reside in the place, as well as in the regions

round about, are anxious to hear him, and hundreds do hear him who otherwise would not hear the gospel at all. Thus God takes a worm to thresh a mountain. And so he makes the "wrath of man to praise him." It is no wonder that the Gentile Christian Church feels encouraged when she hears or reads the Jew's testimony in favor of the religion of Jesus. Full well does she know with what implacable hatred the Jew denounces the blessed Saviour. Still, she pities him, and prays for the lopped off branch, knowing that in the restoration of each converted Jew there is an additional, ten-fold evidence in favor of Christianity. It always rejoices the child of grace to see numbers flocking round the blood stained banner of Emanuel; but when the mighty fall, and the enemies' ranks become thinned, he still more rejoices at the prospect of enlarging the conqueror's kingdom. It is now nearly nineteen years since I openly espoused the cause of Christ. During the whole of the time an enquiry has ever rested upon my mind as to what I can contribute for the welfare of the Redeemer's kingdom? The answer has been, "Preach my Gospel." In obedience to this call, I commenced my labor of love while on my way from England to this country in 1832, on board the sailing ship "Calista," and have preached the gospel to thousands both in the United States and in Canada. I have ever found the professed followers of Jesus of every denomination, to be of one mind with reference to the novelty of a Jew's conversion to Christianity. All wish to know by what means he was led to espouse the cause of the once hated but now blessed Jesus. Whenever I have told what God has done for my soul, I have invariably been beset on all hands for the printed copy of my experience. I have ever shrunk from complying with their requests until now. I am resolved to publish my auto-biography, thus far on my profitless journey. O! that this resolution may be blessed of God, and be made to redound to his own glory.

TO MY JEWISH BRETHREN.

DEAR BRETHREN :—We have been from our infancy taught to expect the Messiah. And full well do you know that your long! long! expected Messiah has (according to your own reckoning) never yet appeared. Although all your protracted periods have successively passed by. Yet with one consent you reject Jesus of Nazareth, for no other reason than because our father's did so before us. Your Rabbins are conscious that they can not much longer deceive you; so as a drowning man grasps at a straw, they think to keep you in longer ignorance by expunging from your sacred books all your most prominent prophecies, which relate to the Messiah. But the time has already arrived for truth to prevail over the earth. And even yourselves (almost universally) begin to feel the force of it. Your Rabbins have tried in vain to reconcile different characters, of renowned men with your sacred prophecies, still stubbornly rejecting the blessed and true Saviour. How long O! Lord, how long? And how long will it be O! Israel, before your long expected Messiah will come? Who shall give you any information? Can your Rabbins? No. For they have signally failed. They who should be your leaders prove to be blind. They err not knowing the Scripture. Then let the word of the living God speak to you by the Prophets. See if either of your pretended great ones answers to the character which they give of the Messiah. When you fail in this effort, be frank to acknowledge it, and as a last resort appeal to the character of Jesus Christ. What have your leaders been doing for nearly 2000 years to extricate you from your religious embarrassment. They

have given you high sounding words founded upon the authority of the "Gamarah," &c., &c., at the same time they are teaching you to despise the rock of your salvation. Your Rabbins, dear brethren, can not help you. Themselves are similarly diseased and well may you say to them, "Physicians heal yourselves." Let Moses and the Prophets speak to you, hear them, and God will bless you. He has said, and he will perform. He never said to the seed of Jacob, "seek ye me," in vain. Do not spurn me, dear brethren, because I am a "Meshamot."* I have not *forsaken* my God as you suppose. I believe in but one God, and Jesus in whom dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily, the great mediator between God and men. Let me with tears exhort you to be patient and read this little work with charity, and may Jehovah be with you. Dear reader, whether Jew or Gentile, receive I beg of you the word that is spoken for your good. I live for your good. I preach for your good. I write this for your good—your eternal good. O do not harden your heart against all truth. Do not reject the counsel of God against yourself. Remember, I pray you that "it is appointed unto you once to die, and after that the judgment." Are you ready. I pray that the "Ruach Akodash"† may direct you in God's paths. Amen.

JONAS ABRAHAM DAVIS

* Meshamot.—An approbrious name with which the Jews denounce one of their number who is converted to Christianity.

† Ruach Akodash.—Holy Spirit.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.

I was born of Jewish parents in the city of London, England, which was the land of my father's nativity. My grandfather on my father's side was a German, and if my recollection serves me of what I was taught of my great-grand-father, he was a Polander. He was indeed a very remarkable man. He was a rigid Jew and an inveterate enemy of Christianity, but a learned Rabbi. He was an upright man. He lived a Pharisee and died in his 112th year, lamented by his nation. During his whole life he had neither shears on his head or razor on his beard, and while he was in full possession of all his faculties, death seized him, so he appeared before the God of Abraham. When he was about 100 years old, the London Jews (as I was taught) determined that he should be their "Raaf" or Chief Rabbi. The answer with which he refused is well worthy of note. "I have sins enough of my own, (said he) to answer for, without taking upon myself the sins of my people." Consistant as he was in many things, yet alas! he hated Jesus. His death strengthened the mountain of animosity against the Lord's anointed in his posterity. But thanks to his name, the Great Jehovah has selected me from among them, and made me a living monument of his signal converting grace.

The year 1812 gave me birth, from which time up to the present I have been a child of affliction. When I was about 4 years old, I had several narrow escapes from death. I was first afflicted with a severe attack of the scarlot fever, and when but partially recovered, I relapsed. After a most lingering sickness, I at length left my bed, but com-

pletely deaf. Fever-sores formed all over my body, the glands of my ears were ulcerated, which have since but partially healed, finding me now in my 38th year of age with but imperfect hearing. Continued and aggravating sicknesses still preyed upon my feeble frame until I have been almost past recovery. It was while this state of things continued that my parents resorted to the last effort, which was to secure the Blessing of the "Raaf," and add to my name that of some one Bible Saint. I was accordingly carried to the Synagogue and received the blessing, and also the name "Abraham" was added to my original name, which now entitled me to the appellation of Jonah or Jonas (a Dove,) Abraham (father of many nations,) Davis, a corruption of David, (annointed.) In the providence of God my strength returned. But I was still deaf. So Abraham was extolled for my renewed strength, but the Doctor was blamed for my deafness.

A very short time after my recovery I met with an accident which had well nigh proved fatal. One day while I was playing with my elder brother, we proposed to swing when I fell and broke both my arms. This accident laid me low again for a very long time. At length I got better. Nothing of any consequence transpired to disturb my tranquility after this event, until the time arrived when it pleased my Heavenly Father to deprive me of my mother. Well do I remember climbing up on my lovely mother's knee! Vivid in my recollection, is that pale countenance which gazed at me with tears streaming! Tangible to my perceptions is that hug which pressed me to her bosom! Yes, even now, that I am a man with a family around me, "this day, April 4th, 1850, just 38 years old, I remember her last hug—her last kiss—her last piece of cake which she gave me, as she took her leave of us all for a journey to Manchester, for the benefit of her health. I well remember seeing how tardily she stepped toward the parlor door, to which she had scarcely arrived, when she

turned back to me, to the window bench whereon I was playing with my piece of cake, kissed me again and again. "Be a good child," said she, "mother will soon come back again." I saw her and my father get into the coach, and drive off. But she did not soon come back again. I never saw her more. She died in Manchester about three weeks after she arrived there. She made but one dying request of my father which was "Take care of Jonas." She left five children, myself being the youngest. In a few days my father returned without my mother. It was only then that I began to realize that my mother was dead.

This Providential stroke was enough for me. I was now without a mother, and not more than six or seven years old and withal exceedingly puny. She died in the Jewish faith, in the rejection of the Messiah. Revered be her name for her virtues and fidelity, and if my holy religion permitted me to offer to Almighty God but one prayer during the course of my life-time, it should be "God save my dead mother." Yet alas! There is no repentance in the grave.

My aged grandmother now took charge of the family which consisted of my dear father two brothers and two sisters all older than myself.

A few weeks after my mother died I met with another accident which had well nigh cost me my life. There was a large bathing tub in the kitchen cellar which had been used the day before by one of my brothers, and left standing nearly full of water. While I was walking near it I spied a piece of bread floating on the water. My curiosity was excited to obtain it and while endeavoring to do so the chair upon which I stood slipped and falling in I should in all probability have been drowned but for the timely help of my infirm grandmother, who hearing a very unusual noise below, came down as speedily as she could and dragged me out, half dead. In the moment of excitement she tore off my wet clothes, which being cleverly done she gave me a sound drubbing before I had sufficiently recovered to know wheth-

er I was dead or alive. The whipping, however, was of some service to me as it contributed to my recovery, and kept me from going to the bathing tub ever after.

Thus far God was my preserver but I knew it not. He was even then overruling my life for future use. He saved me from the plague. He preserved me from danger. Yes, O Lord,

“When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe
And led me up to man.”

About ten months after my mother's death my father married a Jewish lady who was proverbial for her beauty. She was then in her 30th year while my oldest sister was in her 29th.

A new feature was now visible on the whole family. A misty gloom overspread all countenances, and my infirm grand-parent reluctantly resigned the government of the family to her, to whom of right it belonged, and retired to her own private room, which in consequence of infirmity, she kept from that time until she died. But we will speak of her in its proper place. It was either just before or after my father's re-marriage that my oldest brother died in St. Domingo, leaving now but four of us.

In consequence of the inexperience of my step-mother and the infirmities of my grandmother, I was led to feel more keenly than ever the loss of my mother. Neither my sisters or brother suffered as I did, they were not afflicted and could help themselves. Besides, they soon launched out into the gay world more largely than ever, my father and step-mother leading the way. The result was that I was soon cast aside, and entirely neglected.

Thus rolled on this state of things, until my father resorted to the only existing remedy, which was to send me to boarding-school. Preparations were immediately made for my speedy disposal, which was carried into effect when I was about 8 years old by sending me to school about 10

miles from town. This school was a Jewish Academy kept by Rabbi Mosha Eleazer Solomon, who was assisted by his two sons, Zalmor and Shemuile. It was situated in Brixton within sight of the treadmill. It was the best Jewish school that England could afford, but if I had been sentenced to 8 or 9 years to the Brixton treadmill instead of the Brixton Academy, I could not have learned less literature or more profanity. My preceptors though learned men were wretched teachers. Licentious in their lives, and openly profane in the presence of the pupils. But like the priest so the people, and with common consent it was pronounced "very good."

It was at this school that I first learned how to hate the blessed Saviour. To learn that, constituted a very prominent feature in my early education. And, indeed, I made greater advancements in that part of instruction than in anything else. As my father determined to give me nothing more than a good business education, I commenced instruction with Hebrew and English.

Few persons are aware of the great disadvantage under which an English Jewish boy labors. Prejudice deters him from receiving benefit from Christian schools, (which are generally good,) consequently he must spend a fortune upon Jewish bigotry, and learn nothing but Jewish fables at last. This was true of myself. One-fourth of what my father paid for me to that institution would in either of the New England States of America, afford a complete collegiate course.

No instruction is imparted to the youthful Jewish tyro unless it is blended with something prejudicial to the character of Christ. In a Jewish school every body hates Jesus of Nazareth, and the Jewish child hears a thousand things derogatory to Christians and the Christians God. The Rabbins are the only criterion for the ten thousand fables with which his youthful mind is crowded. It is not at all uncommon to see a number of Jewish boys together amusing

each other with some story, that they somewhere heard that somebody had told, somewhere about the Christians. While each boy tries to shoot higher than his fellow there is many a boyish tale told, founded upon Rabinical infallibility and received for granted.

The Indian idea of the earth's gravitation is not more absurd than the Jews idea of the division of the human family. When an East Indian was asked why the world don't fall? he replied, "because it stands on the back of a large Elephant." When he was asked what the Elephant stands on? he replied, "on a large Turtle." And when he was asked what the Turtle stands on? he answered, "mud." So I was early taught that the world is divided between Jews and Christians. - That whoever is not of the blood relation of Abraham is a Christian, and unless he submits to the rite of circumcision and observes the law of Moses he can not be saved. The Jew makes no difference between the Christian and the Heathen. It is enough for him that you are not a Jew. This alone in his estimation will result in the loss of your soul. Yet in all my life I never knew sympathy, expressed or manifested, by a Jew toward a Christian, consequently I experienced none. I have even heard the London Rabbins *exult* at the idea of there being no salvation for any but Jews. In this sentiment my own heart participated for I knew no sympathy until my soul received the blessed Saviour.

No impressions are so hard to overcome as those that have been brought up with us. The prejudice of education is the cause of nineteen twentieths of all the error in existence. But in such a system as this, there is not even a chance for the youthful mind to arrive at truth when it would. The Jewish boy asks who is the Christians God? he is told Jesus of Nazareth! the crucified one! the imposter! the bastard! the evil angel. If he is at all disposed to be inquisitive he is probably amused with some Rabinical nonsense like this. Once upon a time our fathers had a beautiful Temple, in it

there was a beautiful organ but Jesus of Nazareth stole it and gave it to his followers, for which crime the Jews caught him and hanged him. This Jesus is the God of the Christians!

Even this ridiculous stuff is believed by some of the old people to this day, who, in order to show their hatred for every thing that they suppose is in any way connected with the Christians, actually stop up their ears with their fingers when they pass a Church on Sunday through fear that they should hear the organs sound. They charge the Christians with worshipping the cross upon which Christ was fastened. They spurn the idea of God having a Son, for, say they, if there is one relation there must be a chain of them. O! how glaring a fact it is that the poor blinded Jew is ignorant of every species of religion except that which is crowded into his graceless head. The Rabbins are the sole disposers of the people's creed, and the people believe any thing that they teach, and they teach nothing but what is best calculated to keep the people in perpetual darkness. Out of every twelve Jews there are eleven who are perfectly ignorant of their own Scripture. O! my God remove, I pray thee, the gross darkness from Israel. Well did the Prince of Peace declare that they were blind leaders of the blind. Blessed Lord, save them from falling together in the pit.

It is somewhat remarkable that my people do not avail themselves of the benefits resulting from the improvement in the art of printing. They depend upon the preisthood for all religious information. It is indeed but little they want. But if a question of a religious character should by chance arise among them it is immediately referred to the "Raaf." His decision is the law.

A common error among Christians exists, founded upon the apparent zeal of my dear people, supposing, therefore, they stand a good chance of salvation. Yet alas! all zeal is not true religion, the greater part of their zeal is spent in persecuting "the poor and needy man." Yet the reader won-

ders how it is that they can remain so ignorant in a Christian land while so much light is shining around them. The difficulty at once vanishes, when we behold in them the truth of our Redeemer's words, "Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved."

It is a matter of some astonishment after all, with what a skillful tact, the Jew can evade every prophetic scripture, that has any bearing upon the Messiah. From infancy the youth is taught to reject the blessed Jesus, consequently he imbibes an early hatred, it grows with him, it gains strength with him and ultimately becomes a component part of him. He *does* because his father is *doing*, and his father does because the Rabbins say so. This is the position that I always occupied in the morning of my days with reference to the Christian religion. This is the horrible pit out of which I have been plucked, and glory be to God, he has set me in a clean place.

I once read of two wicked men who tried to excel each other in telling a falsehood. One said that he reached the moon by ascending a tall ladder and drove a ten-penny nail through it. Well, said the other, at the same time that you were driving your nail through the moon I was behind and clinched it. And yet, no more extravagant are the refuges to which the Rabbins resort to evade the force of the meaning of those precious words that they are obliged to read. Jacob in his dying words predicted "that the sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a law-giver from between his feet until Shiloh come." Now every body knows that the sceptre *has* departed from Judah, and that the law-giver *has passed* from between his feet, which should be received as evidence that Shiloh has come. Yet a crafty priesthood can evade even this. Shiloh, say they, is not come, and we prove it by Rabbi Gerson.* Now to prove such a position as this

* See J. S. C. Frey's Joseph and Benjamin.

by a man, demands that he, at least, should exercise common sense. Yet hear! In his book "Gelliloth Eretz," the Rabbi affirms an oath, that he will not lie in a single letter, but he will relate what he himself has seen. He then informs us that in his travels he found a river 16 miles in breadth, each mile 8000 feet long, or 24 English miles wide. The water of this river flows with such rapidity that the sound thereof is heard at a distance of two days journey. The river is called Sabbatyon or Sambatyon, because it throws up large stones as high as a house all the week through, yet it rests and becomes perfectly dry two hours before the commencement of the Sabbath, and begins again to run with all its fury as soon as Sabbath is ended. Beyond this river, he affirms, there are many Jews as the sand of the sea living in great affluence and plenty. They have 24 kings and a powerful king is over the whole. I will leave the reader to arrive at any just conclusion about the Rabbi Gerson, except that he is bound to admit that he beats the man that was behind the moon.

The licentiousness of a corrupt priesthood made an early impression on my mind, yet nobody dare presume to doubt their word in matters of religion. During my days I never heard a Jew doubt the decision of the "Raaf," however immoral his life may have been. Every difficult question is referred to his infallibility. He decides all disputes, levies taxes, imposes fines, pronounces penances, prays for the dead and usurps power over purgatory.

It was in consequence of these existing corruptions that my affections were in a great measure shaken toward the Jewish priesthood. But nothing had so much tendency to shake my confidence in them as one circumstance which I will mention.

I had attended my school about two and a half years, when I was suddenly called home, just in time to witness the death of my aged Grandmother, who was then in her 95th year. In her death I experienced the loss of another

mother. She had been for some time past exceedingly feeble, yet very large, occasioned probably by the dropsy of which she died. During her last illness she talked incoherently, and constantly mentioned my name. She said nothing distinctly for some time before she breathed her last but once. When her attendant nurse who was looking at her expecting every moment to see her breathe her last, pitifully exclaimed, "poor soul, she's most gone." She for a moment appeared to grasp at life and quickly observed, "my soul is not poor," and with these last words she died. According to Jewish custom the corpse was carried to the Charnel-house, to receive prayers before interment. After the ceremony of walking seven times around the dead was ended, the officiating priest proceeded to say "Kadesh."* For the proper performance of this prayer the feet must be close together and face toward Jerusalem, (the east.) The Rabbi's fee for this service is two shillings and sixpence, (unless he can exact more.) Never in all my life had I felt the pangs of sorrow so keenly as upon this occasion. It was the first funeral that I had ever attended. The weeping was general. Solemnity was seated upon every heart, and sorrow upon every brow. There stood the Rabbi at the head of the coffin, my father on one side, my brother and myself on the other, and we gazed with awful silence while a prayer to God was being offered for the dead. All was solemn, when presently the Rabbi opened his hypocritical eyes, and seeing my brother standing near him, without stopping his prayer he reached out his left hand toward my brother and pointing with his right fore finger to his left hand palm, tip, tip, tip, muttered the wretch, with a greedy gaze. In a moment my brother took the hint and offered him his fee, the which he no sooner saw than he snatched at it with both hands, and in the twinkling of an eye it was safely lodged in the bottom of his pocket.

* A most solemn prayer.

I had been watching the Rabbi's manœuvres up to this moment, and not being able any longer to retain my gravity, I buried my face in both my hands, and in spite of my effort to restrain, I was actually convulsed with laughter. The general impression was, however, that I was crying. My brother who was older was no better than myself, he too was convulsed with laughter. Not being able to keep our feet any longer we retired to a corner of the room to have our laugh out. Tip, tip, tip, softly muttered my brother, enough was done, we laughed again immoderately.

The company by this time noticed us, and mistaking our merriment for broken-hearted grief, united with us in loud accents of sorrow for the departed.

When all was over and we were led to calm reflection, O! how we censured ourselves for our conduct, and in our hearts said, may our sin rest upon that half shaved priest. But now while I write with the love of the Lord Jesus Christ in my heart and in full view of his blessed Gospel, I pray, O! God, lay not this sin to the Rabbi's charge, and forgive, too, my poor deluded brother and me. This act of priestly cupidity lodged an impression on my mind prejudicial to the general character of the Jewish priesthood, which has been strengthened by late and sober reflection.

In a few days after this circumstance I returned to my Brixton quarters. I resumed my studies with a heavy heart, and the recollection of the past often drew a silent tear from my eye. My prejudice was excited against my preceptors in consequence of the conduct of the Rabbi at the funeral. If I had the control of myself at that time I never should have submitted to be instructed again by a Jew. But it was in vain for me to attempt to extricate myself, seeing that it was my father's wish for me to continue at that school. Weeks passed by finding me still with a heavy heart. Every Talmudical anecdote that my teacher would amuse us with, only served to increase my dislike for them, while it

gave me pleasure in finding weapons wherewith to persecute the Christians.

The reader may possibly be mistaken in his anticipations of the weight of Rabbinical teaching which is always prejudicial to the character of Christians. While I was under their immediate influence, knowing only one side of the question, and turning a deaf ear to the other, all their arguments, "one sided as they are," appeared to be of magnitude; but since I, "by the grace of God," have been permitted to measure my ground by the glorious gospel rule, all their arguments flee before it as mere ephemeral shadows, and at once sink into an utter imperceptibility. The Christian world (as a general thing) are ignorant of the amount of prejudice that a Jew has to contend with and the difficulties he has to surmount, ere he can openly espouse the cause of Christ. Some of his barriers (the most insignificant) sometime appear the most insurmountable. For instance, the Jew's objection to swine flesh. While I readily disposed of solid objections against Christianity, the poor hog, alone, remained in my way. This may be accounted for, in the deep rooted prejudice which I had imbibed against hogs and Christians while at school. The swine, while it is rejected with all other unclean animals in common, has been selected from among the number, and used by the pagans as an instrument of persecution against the Jew. It is on this account that swine flesh is particularly odious. So that one amongst the most solid objections to the Christian is that he eats swine flesh. The mention of one novel circumstance will serve as an illustration.

After I had remained at school about three or four years, my father concluded to treat me to a summer steam boat excursion, for the benefit of my health. The party consisted of my father, step-mother, two sisters and my poor self. But when about to start, we were agreeably joined by a *gentile lady*, who was wife to one of my father's best customers. Now we are fairly under way, with steam up,

hearts light, and purses full, bound for *Margate*, for a summer excursion, 72 miles from London across brackish water. After we had all suffered the sensation of deathly sea sickness, we safely arrived at Margate. Cessation from study, recreation, change of scene, change of air, and "of course" considerable sea sickness, all contributed to operate like magic upon my general health. I left my bed at sun rise, and bathed in the sea before breakfast. During the day I walked the sea shore, examining curious shells, and such geological and maritime substances, as the sea would wash ashore. Thus each day I improved my time, much to the benefit of my health. One day after a forenoon spent in walking and examining curiosities, I walked home for dinner, and being exceedingly hungry I was rather ill humored. At length the savory fragrance of the well prepared dishes, reached my olfactory, and contributed much toward strengthening my hope, when I saw them safely lodged on the table. After the ceremony of *washing our hands* and saying prayers were over, my father who was an excellent carver, commenced operation upon a strange looking joint, that was smoking before him. I looked at it exceedingly hard but did not suspect trickery. The preference of the company having been ascertained, all voted in favor of the stranger, and of course I followed suit. Nor did we mince the matter, we went to work as if we were used to it, for by the time we had finished operating upon him, there was but a very small piece left on the dish, for good manners sake. Dinner being over we returned thanks, in which are these words (when thou hast eaten and art satisfied, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God, &c.) The company now divided, some courting *Siester*,* and others more wisely an afternoon visit. While, I, like a solitary sheep, strayed off to the sea shore, where I amused myself with searching for natural curiosities. After I had been some time at this

* An afternoon nap.

favorite amusement, our company (who had concluded upon a walk for the benefit of digestion,) intruded upon my past-time, when the following dialogue and scene took place between myself and the gentile Lady. Lady. Jonas how did you like your dinner to-day? Myself. Very well? L. Did you not think that meat excellent? I did. L. You ate a hearty dinner. Yes, I was very hungry. She smiled. My sisters tried in vain to look sober.

Such conduct naturally excited my suspicion that all was not right. But what was wrong I could not tell. I knew that I was not poisoned. What can be the matter then? In a moment more it occurred to me that it was pork. Did you go to market for it? I inquired. Yes, my gentile lady answered. Was it pork? I alarmingly enquired. She looked at the family out of the corner of her eye, they chuckled, she forced a smile and reluctantly answered, yes. Scarcely however, had I time to recover my almost departed senses, when both my sisters, seizing me gave me a most rude shake and enjoined upon me for "God's sake" not to tell any body when we shall get back to London. The secret was disclosed, and my feelings may be more easily imagined than described. I looked imploringly in their faces. But there was no help for me. Father, was silent, and pork was digesting. O! what a dilemma I was in. I had committed a great sin, and I was truly a penitent. But I could find no body to sympathise with me. Had I then been in London I should have repaired to the Raaf and confessed. But I was 80 miles from him. A thousand thoughts like phantoms flashed across my terrified mind, and it would not have required much argument to have made me believe that I heard the *actual hog-grunt*. Maddened at the consummate hypocrisy of my relatives, I determined upon swallowing an emetic, and ran to the doctor for the purpose; but before I arrived there, I concluded that my sin would rest upon those by whom I had been deceived. As for me, I would

live and die a Jew, and then I should be saved at last in spite of Hogs, Christians, and Hypocrites.

By this time the reader may form some idea of the nature of the horrible pit in which the poor Jew is plunged. How well adapted is the reproof of the blessed Saviour, to the character of the Jew, "Ye blind guides, ye strain at the gnat and swallow the camel."

Neither myself nor any other Jew had any scruple against acts of immoral tendency, under any circumstance. Following in the footsteps of my predecessors I lied, cheated, and swore with impunity, but never felt conscious of having done wrong until my quiet was disturbed with a piece of swine flesh. Could my relations have realised that *man's* eye was as glaringly beholding them as *God's* eye, they had never eaten that swine flesh. And yet this people have a prayer for every thing that they can, hear, see, taste, feel or smell. Yet all their works are done that they may be seen of men. O! Christian when you read your New Testament; hear preached God's gospel; when you stretch forth your hands, and humble your hearts before your God, pity and pray for fallen Israel. For if God keeps him a distinct *man*, be assured that he keeps himself a distinct *sinner*.

Some time during this season of recreation my temple of Judaical learning was removed from Brixton to Hammer-smith, thither I repaired to resume my studies.

The school was now to be conducted under new regulations. The old Rabbi resigned into the hands of his two sons "Shemuile and Zalmor." It appears that the character of the establishment was at stake, and needed reform. The first new rule pleased us well, viz: That we should not any more be allowanced in our victuals. 2nd. That we should have meat twice a week, instead of three or four times a month. And many other regulations, to mention which would be apart from my present purpose.

Nothing that I encountered was sufficient to erase from

my mind the impressions which the Margate deception had made. Its tendencies varied. Sometimes I hated Christians the more for it. But at other times it served to expose the fallacy of Judaism. Yet I mentioned the circumstance to no one, but thought the more, and concluded that I was still secure, for the sake of my *blood relation to Abraham*.

I had scarcely become reconciled (after my return to Hammersmith) to my new masters; before a circumstance happened calculated to sour my mind, which I will here relate.

One day while many boys of us were at play it was proposed to play a game called "the Christians." To work we went and formed a very large cross on the wall with chalk. That done we fell down before it with strange gesticulations. While we were in this posture, we were detected by our Rabbi Zalmor, who flew in a great rage at us, and taking us all in the school room, he deliberately inflicted upon us a severe castigation. Then followed our lecture, that we ought not to imitate the Christians *even in jest*. At length we were set at liberty, and we embraced it declaring vengeance upon the instrument of our torture, which we found means to split before night.

But the tragedy did not end here with me. I murmured against the bigotry that gained for me so severe a flagellation. And for days I was negligent in reading my prayers. I could not, for my life divine, how religion could be crammed into a boys head or heart by flagellating his body. Thus I reasoned, and so I murmured, until the very sight of a Jews head inspired me with a feeling of disgust. After so long a time however, I became reconciled, and concluded O! Judah, with all thy faults I love the still.

There is no greater moral truth than that experience gives wisdom to the simple. In myself it is eminently verified. Thus a combination of circumstances, some trifling and some weighty, had the tendency of first pointing out to me the defects of Judaism, and then to lead me to my blessed

Saviour. In proportion as time rolled on, I became more and more sensible of the defects of my religion. And being piously inclined, I was constrained to choose the fairest feature of Judaism; viz: To arrogate heaven by virtue of my blood relation to Abraham. Thus I walked in the footsteps of my predecessors. Abraham went before, Moses followed after, and we Jews will certainly follow on was my constant boast. But now I have found him who was before Abraham. A meeker spirit than Moses had he, in whom my soul now delights. And on whom I hang for salvation. Dear reader do you know him? Do you love him too?

Know ye my Saviour, know ye my Saviour?

Know ye my Saviour and God.

O! he died on Calvary;

To atone for you and me.

To atone for such rebels as we.

Nothing is more common than for a man to plead conscience, sincerity, etc., while he is determined to "steal the ivery of heaven to serve the devil in." This was true of Saul of Tarsus; who thought that he was doing God service, when he was putting to death God's people. This is true, also, of every Jew in the world, who vainly believes that he serves God by rejecting the glorious Mediator between God and men. Thus my conscience always either *accused* or *excused* me. It accused me for adhering to a religion which I *knew* to be defective. It excused me upon the ground that I did not know how to mend the defects. And although I had a disposition to serve God, yet my confidence was so great in the Priesthood, (whom I knew to be a set of vile wretches,) that I concluded, of whatever nature my sins might be, that they would produce means to liquidate every debt, and cancel my obligation to the Almighty for my salvation.

Many an honest observer has been struck with the remarkable similarity between the Jewish and Roman Churches. And after having learned more particularly about the peculiarities of the Jewish system, has been led

to exclaim, in surprise, "Why, this is just like the Catholics!" While in fact many of the Roman ceremonies are nothing more than a corruption of the Jewish.* And the Jewish a corruption of the Mosaic system.

How swiftly does the arrow of time fly under all circumstances. But how does it drag along with tardy steps, when the mind is apprenticed to be daily, for years, burdened, with a ponderous weight of undigestible religion. This was substantially true of myself. A burden at home, I was left to be governed by whimsical, Judaical teachers abroad. Thus rolled on time. While the prejudice of education, every day contributed to engulph me deeper in the abyss of a religion into which my enquiring mind could not penetrate.

It cannot but give me great joy at present, to look back on the time when I was in the service of sin, knowing that God's eye was upon me all the time, and in his own manner produced means, in due time for my deliverance. "Bless the Lord O! my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name."

Nothing worthy of being considered as a link of my narrative occurred until I was 13 years old. At which time a new era presents itself in a Jewish boys life. Several interesting items are taken into the account at that time. First, he is according to Jewish usage considered to be of age. Secondly, he is considered capable of taking care of himself. Thirdly, in some instances he receives from his father his portion of goods, i.e. all that his father intends giving him in life or at death. This practice was customary in the East but was not much practiced among us. Luke, c. 15: 11 to the end. Fourthly, He then receives his "Teffellen," † which he puts on at his birth day for the first time, and wears them at all suitable times ever after. Fifthly,

* See Frey's Jewish Intelligencer.

† See any Theological dictionary under the head Phylacteries.

He is then taken into the number to compose the ten necessary to saying some particular prayers. Sixthly, He must chant a portion of the Law in the Synagogue on the Sabbath succeeding his birth day, on which his father if he is wealthy contributes largely to the charitable Jewish institutions. But according to their *Usus loquendi* not a penny is given without being blazed aloud in the audience of the people. Seventhly, and lastly, He goes home and feasts it like an epicure. Then he is considered to be his own man.

After I had passed through considerable ceremony, I began to indulge a query with reference to the peculiar utility of those unmeaning phylacteries, that I had to be encumbered with from time to time. No explanation was given to me by any one. Enough for me to know that I *must* wear them. I well remember having put them on, and (standing before a glass to see myself in *foreign livery*,) that the effect corresponded with the ludicrous object. I thought that I looked like a clown with a fools cap on. I could not forbear grinning, but concluded to yield for peace sake. One thing remains to be told, it is this. Although I wore the unmeaning things a considerable time, I never knew by what authority, until I found pleasure in reading Christian books. When I soon learned that my former practice was founded upon Numbers, c. xv: 37 to end. Deut. vi: 8, 9.

I had now arrived at an age when the mind cannot remain inactive. A peculiar feature in the character of my boyhood was to arrive at the meaning and reason for my practice. Yet I never arrived at any thing satisfactory. Sometimes I would enquire of my father and teachers, Where is our Paschal lamb? Our scape goat? Our blood? Our course of priests? Our Urim and Thummim? Our Shekina? Our offerings? Our incence? and many other reasonable questions; but my answers were always evasive. If I had been made acquainted with the history of my own people, I could have satisfied myself with answers, but in my ignorance, I was apprenticed to darkness (and through the instru-

mentality of incompetent teachers, to whose care I was entrusted,) to have crammed into my expanding mind bigotry, prejudice, and an imperfect system of religion.

The time at last arrived for me to leave the Hammersmith School, which I hailed with a great deal of pleasure. But how great was my mortification, when, after I had surveyed the past seven or eight years of my life, which had been devoted entirely to study, I was proved to be but an indifferent scholar in any thing but reading Hebrew, and a knowledge of the Jewish religion. My father felt mortified because he had thrown away so much money for my education, while I had nothing of any consequence to produce as an equivalent. He resolved, however, to make one more effort to educate me. And feeling conscious (alas! too late) that Jewish schools were good for nothing, he climbed over his conscience and sent me to a gentile day school in the city of London to *finish* my education.

New difficulties here started up, as barriers in my way of learning. One was, the fact that my prejudices were already immoveably fixed. I could not submit to gentile government. Another was, my attachment for the "good old way." Another was, that they used to read prayers, at opening and closing school, which I always carefully avoided, by late attendance and early going from school. This manœuvre soon rendered me odious in the eyes of all the scholars. Being the only Jew among them I was subjected to a great deal of taunt and derision, so much so, that it was impossible for me to walk out without being saluted with the well known cry of the persecuting vulgar, "I had a piece of pork, and stuck it on a fork, &c., &c." A combination of such circumstances soon made me peevish and distant. While at the same time I retorted upon them with a deep curse, for being the followers of the *Hanged one*.

Methinks it is needless to inform the reader that I did not stay long at this school. But on leaving, O! how chagrined I was, at knowing that I was yet without an education.

Finding that my way was entirely hedged up, I relinquished the idea of being made a proficient at my father's expense. So I bid adieu to the schools, both Jew's and Gentile's, and gave myself up entirely to the Devil and an imitation of Moses. My hatred for the Christians had now become greater than ever. Yet I was not blind to the defects of Judaism. Nor was I without serious enquiry as to how I could mend the matter. And in my *imagination* I applied many a vain remedy. Had my religion then been founded upon knowledge, as it is now, I should have applied a remedy of God's designing, in Christ Jesus. Sometimes I would attribute the existing imperfections to my want of discernment. At such times, I would look for a *faithful* follower of Moses, but despaired, when I could not find a single Mosaical ceremony, observed according to the pattern. Thus admitting Moses to be the judge, every Jew in the world must be condemned.

How poor a refuge is Sinai's cloudy summit for a darkened mind. Yet I knew no other.

To Sinia's fiery mount I fled,
It poured its curses on my head.

With such a scene as this perpetually before my face, (the reader may well conclude) my mental exercises were severe but dark. But what could I do? I obtained instruction from nobody. Neither was there any source from whence I could derive instruction. In such a dilemma as this who would not be compelled to remain satisfied with ignorance. Finding myself thus hemmed in on every side, my only refuge was, to take advantage of my early received opinions, and confide in my *blood relation* to Abraham for salvation.

My health which had always been poor, was now in a great measure restored. And like the viper which was restored to warmth and life, by the merciful hand of the kind farmer, then turned round and bit his children; I misimproved the blessings that God gave me; and spent it in fulfilling the desires of my wicked heart, most devotedly in

the service of sin. I hungered and thirsted after vice, and rejoiced at the contemplation that *Abraham's* child would finally be saved. What this doctrine is to the Jew, Universalism is to the gentile. The same causes always produce like effects, and the same doctrine will always have the same bearing upon the minds of men all the world over. Being settled upon this point, I satisfied the desires of my heart until I became a perfect prodigal. Yet I had no reprover at my right hand. To the whole number of London Jews which numbered nearly 30,000, I could with justice have said Let him who is any better than myself, cast the first stone, or offer the first reproof, whether he be Priest or Layman.

The natural consequence of indulging a life so base, grows out of total neglect of the religion we profess. Excepting when immorality forms a component part of it; which is not the *general rule* of Judaism. But when the general rule is so feebly enforced, or not enforced at all; Nay! When the general rule is actually violated with glaring impunity, by the very men who should force obedience by their precept and example, is it any wonder that I, a giddy boy, should follow in their track, by an open disregard of the general rule, and a consequent recklessness to the claims of Judaism. Thus one by one my Jewish observances with its ceremonies were laid aside. My first step was to set aside my *Teffellen* as useless and unmeaning things. For this violation of the Rabinical bull, I received a senseless and unreasonable reproof. The next step was to discover or invent new pretexts for the entire neglect of all ceremonies pertaining to my religion. This I found to be a very easy matter, for step by step I descended the ladder of iniquity, until I became so baptized in desire for giddy pastimes, that I could no longer find time to read my prayers. True I trembled for the consequence. Though I had no fear of God, yet I had a dread of my father's hasty temper. I very soon indeed realized my fears; for as soon as my father noticed

that I neglected prayers, as well as Tefellen, he flew in a great rage at me, and with many a wicked oath he gave vent to his passion. While he poured upon me a Father's curse, he did not consider that he was *cursing* whom God was *blessing*.

The manner in which I was disposed of, for my neglect of duty, excited my enquiry as to the sincerity of my father and others; for although I received many an oath, yet I had no reproof administered. This circumstance as well as others had a strong tendency to shake my Judaical prejudices. So much so that I was even more careless after this circumstance than before, as the reader may judge from the following narrative.

The fall of the year was at hand; the time had arrived for the observance of the most solemn fast, "Yom Kipur," (or day of atonement.) The design of the fast is, to make atonement for sins that have been committed during the past year; The "modus operandi" is to commence the fast at sunset one day, and continue without food or drink passing the lips until sunset the next day; when the Rabbi or *Rauf* blows a cornet, the sound of which is called *Tekeah*, which is a signal for breaking the fast. Many Jews remain in the Synagogue the whole time; the wiser part, however, repair to their beds. During the day the prayers of the whole year are read; the Law is chanted, large contributions are made by the wealthy, and some few unmeaning ceremonies constitute the SOLEMN day. Yet although repeated year by year, the "comings thereto, are not made perfect." "They only fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness."

In my more sincere moments, I always dreaded this; penance day. And now I determined that I would not fast, if I could contrive some plan to keep it secret from my relations. And this I was bound to do for the sake of my poor limbs. My plan was to confide in the Gentile domestics, who attended the house, and upon them I enjoined secrecy.

They were to prepare my meals secretly, while I was to appear sad before the community as though I was fasting with them. When the evening for proclaiming the fast had arrived, I celebrated the ceremonies with the family and repaired to the Synagogue. My father proposed for himself to stay there all night. But I being a great lover of *Morpheus*,* proposed for myself to go home, which was acceded to by my father, after I had received strict orders to be at my Synagogue seat with my brother early in the morning. I wished him good night and "well over his fast," a universally common wish with all Jews and Jewesses on that day, and left him for the night. On arriving at my bed I laughed in the sleeve at my well matured hypocritical plans. In the morning I rose very early and secured a good breakfast, and by the time the family were all dressed, I was ready, when we all went to the Synagogue together. The want of a good usual breakfast, soon drew a complaint out of my younger sister. And by the time we had arrived at the Synagogue they were all sick. And I had to feign being as sick as any of them. Arriving the door of the Synagogue we separated, the women occupying the gallery, and the men the body of the house. On arriving at my post there was father, with his Philacteries on, tired, sick, faint and sleepy. The first question was, after the usual salutation; how are you father? But there was no audible answer from my father. A look full of language, a shake of the head, and a pinch of snuff, was all the answer. About 10 o'clock the ladies went home, for poor things, they were so hungry, but durst not eat. At 12 o'clock I proposed to my father that I would go home to see how the ladies were. To this my father readily consented. But my real object was to get my dinner, which I assure the reader that I made sure of before I returned. When I got home, I found all the ladies in bed. How do you do? was my question. Very sick, was the response. O! you hypocrites I cried. This is

* The Mythological God of sleep.

the way you fast for your year's sins is it? In bed all day, eh? you hypocrites. Very sick. I'm very sick, was the united apology. Poor creatures, how I pitied them! But misery, it is said, likes company. Hence their sympathies moved them, (according to custom,) to enquire how every body was getting along, commencing with father, then my brother Abraham, &c., &c., but my uniform answer was (of course) very sick. And I *was very sick too*. Taking my leave of them, I hastened to secure a dinner, and lining my pocket with some cake, I returned to the Synagogue, fully conscious that I was not playing the hypocrite against the Almighty, but against a religion unmeaning in itself, and unwarranted by the Lord. I consoled myself that I could now fast well until supper time. On arriving at the Synagogue, the scene was doleful. All was confusion. There were nearly, or over, two thousand hungry mortals, doing penance for their sins. All were dressed in their Phylacteries. Some were snuffing, some transacting business, some more vigorous were making sport of their sick neighbors, some swearing that they were so hungry, and wishing for the night, and myself playing the hypocrite. On arriving at the seat that my father occupied, I felt actually sad on seeing his distressed physiognomy, which he perceiving, returned corresponding sympathy supposing that I was as sick as any one else. At last the long, long, wished for cornet was sounded by the Raaff; the signal to retire. The sound had scarcely died away when all were rushing in confusion to the doors; like rushing off a steam boat after a sea sick voyage. On arriving at home, we found a very plentiful repast prepared. The company immediately set to work, to make up for lost time. But I could eat comparatively, but little. And for the first time in my life, I believe, I was the subject of general pity. The general impression was that I had suffered so much during the day that I was actually too sick to eat any thing. My sins were, therefore, surely pardoned. After supper we all re-

tired to our beds, glad indeed that the dreadful day was ended. And congratulated each other with the idea that "*Yom Kipur*" comes but once a year.

Thus ended *Yom Kipur*. We had now made atonement for our past sins. While at the same time, there was not one of us all who knew any thing about actual sorrow.

The above paragraph may prove to be offensive to my Jewish brothers upon two accounts. First because I slighted the great day, and secondly because I am bold in speaking about it. But who should be blamed? Let my Jewish brother, for a moment glance at the fact, that he *constrains* his son to fast by abstaining from even bread and water for 24 hours, during which time he must attend to one continued chain of religious exercises, tedious and *unmeaning* to him. Then let me ask, is there one enquiring boy out of a hundred, nay a thousand, but what will slight the day, and charge the whole bill upon his parents and teachers for inculcating erroneous precepts, and substituting the *commandments of men* for the *doctrine of God*? With reference to the second, let me say again, that in speaking out boldly, I hope to accomplish two things. One is, to show that error in my early education, led me on step by step, until I become awake to the fallacy of the whole system of Judaism. The next is I hope by the blessing of God to awake some of my Jewish brethren to the fact that they can never make an atonement to God for their sins, by observing such a day as *Yom Kipur*.

Such is Israel's blindness. They cannot tell why it is that the clouds have rained no rain upon their heritage for nearly two thousand years. They see that their vineyard is trodden down; that the wild boar of the woods has made ravages upon it; they see that the tents of strangers are pitched there; owls mourn, Satyr's dance there. They feel that the frowns of Almighty God are hanging over it, yet they interpret all in their own favor. O! Israel look, look, I beseech you, to the Mesheach ben David,* for the atonement which he made on the hill of Calvary once for all.

* Messiah the son of David.

The morning dawned, bringing with it some severe compunctions of conscience for me. But after some reflection, I resorted to my old refuge, viz: That I had not wronged God but only cheated the Jews, and concluded that if I could keep my past day's conduct secret from them, that I should be safe enough upon the ground of my father's teachings, viz: That the father answers for his children, and the Raaff for the father. This placed me on a footing with the rest of my Jewish brethren who had fasted. I was literally a white washed sinner, prepared for another year's experiment.

By some means, however, my roguery leaked out. Yet I was fortunate enough to escape censure, until after I embraced Christianity, when my father charged that day's experiment upon me with many a bitter oath, as one of the darkest evidences of my downfall. Experience is said to be the best schoolmaster. To me at least it proved so, by marking out the spots of error in Judaism, until the whole system seemed to be nothing but Judaism in farce or mimicry.

At length I was led to reason thus: If there is any religion in the world, it can be found no where but in judaism. If there is but one God, he is assuredly the God of the Jews. And if God has instituted but one religion, that one must be Judaism.

But here is a religion pretending to hold its origin in heaven; agreeing with its founder, in not one single particular. Full of bigotry and superstition, and withall maintained, by a people pretending to be God's peculiar children who will swear with impunity, blaspheme upon the most trifling occasions; and still hold at arms length all who do not draw in their religious harness. Seeing that they fall materially short of being what they seem to be, and they too the only ones who have any right to seem to be at all; can there exist such a thing as religion? While these gloomy reflections were passing through my mind, I

trembled. Yet my only refuge was to hang on to a hair of Moses with one hand, and to a button of Abraham's coat with the other. So that if after I shall have spent a life of infidelity, I shall find that Judaism is true, I shall then be able to draw myself near to the Law, and only plead my Abrahamic original, and all will be well.

In a state of mind like this I remained some time, moving on as it were imperceptibly, coasting round, but not daring to launch out into the sea of infidelity through fear of something I knew not what, still believing that I was sure of salvation. Yet I trembled. In my daily movements I verified the truth of the proverb: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." Thus I continued to trifle with religion on the borders of infidelity, until I fairly launched out in open rebellion against the God of heaven. But God has two kinds of work to be done, clean and unclean. He employs his clean servants to do his clean work, and his unclean servants to do his unclean work, while those who refuse to do God's clean work, will find themselves bound to do the unclean, to their own destruction. This is true of the person whom I must now introduce to the reader, through whose wicked instrumentality, for a little season, "oil was thrown upon my troubled waters," lulling me to sleep in dark and gloomy infidelity.

One day while I was walking, my attention was arrested by a very large post-bill, intimating that the Rev. Robert Taylor was delivering a course of lectures in the Rotunda, on the Black Friar's bridge road, proving the non-existence of the God of both Jews and Christians, and other things prejudicial to the character of the Bible and Testament.

My heart leaped within me as I read the awful announcement. Oh! said I, here is the truth of the whole matter. The fact is, there is no such thing as religion in existence. I'll go to hear Robert Taylor. He's the man for me.

That night I determined to attend the Rotunda instead of the theatre. Accordingly I bent my way towards the place,

not without some indescribable emotions. On arriving at the gate, my attention was attracted by a very large placard, having these characters painted, "Going to raise the Devil to night." For a moment I shrunk with an instinctive dread. Ah! said an impulse, you have learned how to *trifle* with God, but you are in *earnest* with the Devil. Crowds of the vulgar of a London populace, passed me, paid their shilling and entered. For some minutes I stood tacitly gazing on that awful placard, while my hand, as it were, mechanically slipped in my pocket and laid hold on a shilling, the entrance fee. Starting from a deep reverie into which I had fallen, and goaded on by an invisible agent, I burst the bars of dread and conscience, pushed forward, paid my shilling and entered. Though this occurred nearly nineteen years ago, yet the horrid feelings with which I was seized on arriving at my seat are vivid even now in my imagination. Here I was in the Rotunda in company with the refuse of London. While at the same time we were all brought together to hear God denounced and see the Devil raised. Crowds upon crowds came flocking in. I looked among them for any body whom I might know, but my sight failed me through fear. I tried to conjecture how the Devil was going to be raised. Now I'd fancy through some magic art. Then in the person of one of the chimney sweepers present. Again, I gazed with vacant glare at the strange corners, and caricatures about the platform, until my imagination became so harrowed up that I cried out loud, "where am I?" The person who was seated near me supposing that I addressed him, answered, "This is the Rotunda, sir." I started at the answer and gazed at the man. Trembling with fear, I gazed round the house again upon nearly 2,000 human beings of both sexes, the very dregs of London. The feature of my society roused my pride, and in another moment I became sensible of my situation. I started to my feet to make for the door, when my attention was arrested by a tall, elderly, good looking man, who was dressed in a

black silk gown, with white sleeves, holding with both his gloved hands a book at his breast. My "hair stood on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine." I fastened my eyes on him, as he stalked towards where I was sitting. O! God! I cried, is this the devil? On he marched, his gown brushing on me as he passed. My eyes followed him to a neat, low, square pedestal, (on the platform in front of the audience,) upon which he first laid his book, (the Bible,) upon which he laid a white handkerchief, and very ceremoniously clasped his gloved hands together, turning up the white of his eyes at the same time, he laid down his head upon the Bible. For full five minutes his head was down, during which time there existed the most awful silence. I looked, I wondered, I trembled. All eyes were now upon the Devil raiser, (Robert Taylor himself.) Presently he commenced gesticulating and gradually straightning himself to nearly bending backward, exhibiting the palms of his hands, having his fingers spread wide. "I've been praying (said he) as fervently as a parson." On hearing that, the whole house broke out in a roar of the most discordant laughter. For my part, I certainly felt a disgust for the Devil raiser, especially when I considered that this is the way he takes to teach me the non-existence of God. He has made but a poor beginning, said I to myself, but consoled myself with the thought that if his rope breaks, I can prove my identity with Abraham by the sign and seal of circumcision, and so I will hang on to Moses and be safe in spite of his teeth. Presently he commenced his lecture. He quoted scripture in a ridiculous light, and left it so. He made the scriptures to contradict themselves. He made the most blasphemous use of the name of the Sacred Trinity. He defied God. He laughed at the devil. He said that the world had been from all eternity. That all things came by chance, or by a fortuitous concourse of atoms. That the last of man is death, as man. But that he may transmigrate into some other animal, and so by chance come back again to this

earth. And a mess of stuff of the same caste. When he had finished he thanked the *Ladies and Gentlemen* for their attendance and invited us to come again to-morrow night to hear him further. Ah! said I, on leaving, if there is any Devil in existence he would certainly have been raised to-night. I thought Robert's arguments were powerful, and I resolved to hear him again. Next night I heard him again. He informed us that Moses was a *liar*, Paul was a *fool* and Jesus Christ was a *bastard*. Well done, I cried, good enough for a *Christian* to talk about. I drank it all down. Yes, I swallowed the poison at one gulp, and thought Robert a wonderful man. Such was the power of attraction, that I heard him lecture again and again, until I actually loved him. Yes, my Hell-deserving soul did actually *love* the Infidel. Yes, I adored him. O! my glorious God, look not thou upon my sins! I followed up the lectures until I became an adept in infidelity. I now looked upon all religion as folly; the Bible a book of lies; Jesus Christ an imposter; God a mere chimera; Death an eternal sleep; the resurrection nothing more than an occasional transmigration of the body; and the general judgment a humbug.

One night, I returned home full of infidelity, and found a drawing room full of company, when the following short dialogue took place between myself and my father. F. Where have you been to-night, sir, to the Theatre? Myself. No sir, to the Rotunda. F. What have you been doing there among a whole parcel of chimney sweepers? Hearing Robert Taylor expose the folly of all Religions in the world. *Whack* went the cards, with an oath. And as they were whacking down their cards on the *liaw* tables, I amused the Jewish company with my philosophy of infidelity. I told them all I knew and a great deal more. I defamed Moses and Christ alike. I laughed at Religion and blasphemed God, and capped the climax with a recitation out of Shakespeare. My father thought I was growing smart. My brother laughed at me. The Ladies turned up their pretty noses at me. And I have

no doubt but that the reflecting part of the company were disgusted a time. But, O! my soul, reflect, yes, look back and see the self-same time when God was frowning upon me and I did not know it. "It is of the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed, because his compassions fail not."

During the course of my infidel career, I frequently trembled at the *probability* of there being a true religion yet in existence. At such times I was ever ready to conclude in favor of Judaism.

Presuming that it may be satisfactory to the reader to know something about Robert Taylor, I will digress, to give him his due. This statement may be incorrect, as I write from memory. But the vulgar saying, "Give the Devil his due, and don't paint him blacker than he is," shall be observed with reference to this infidel, whether he is dead or alive. He was one of three sons who was selected by his father *to be a minister* of the established Church. He was accordingly put to school while young, and graduated. He ultimately took the *orders* and came out a minister of the Gospel. He preached the Gospel with good effect for a number of years and then abruptly left his congregation to teach Voltairism. He told his splendid audience one Sabbath, that he had been preaching lies to them, that he did not believe what he was preaching, and so left his wondering congregation to divine what all this meant. They soon however, found out to their sorrow, that their Pastor was a wolf in sheep's clothing. He was an Atheist.

But to return to my story. Time rolled on and still I was secure. When Moses failed I flew to Taylor, and when Taylor tottered I flew to Moses. I was like the troubled sea. For me there was no rest. Yet I hated both Christ and Christians worse than ever.

What am I? and from whence?
I nothing know, but that I am;
And if I am, somewhere there must be a God;
And if a God there is,
That God how great!

"Whither shall I go from Thy spirit? or whither shall I flee

from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven thou art there: If I make my bed in hell behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right-hand shall hold me. If I say surely darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." The darkest shades of unfathomable vice, never produced an abyss of sufficient depth, to hide from the Almighty's eye. True, I felt secure, while I was under the teachings of Taylor. And I never once doubted but Taylor could work his way through. Deep and dark as was this hiding place, yet the Lord was light about me even there. He showed me that the reign of the wicked is short, yet the Lord used even this man as a means of bringing me to the light of truth. For had it not been for a providential circumstance which I will now mention, I have no doubt I should remain to this day sometimes a Jew, sometimes an infidel, and at all times an enemy of God. But even here he shook my position in a manner that I least expected. The reader may probably imagine how much evil is likely to result from a course like Taylor's, in a metropolis like London. Infidel clubs were formed, at all parts of the city. And we supposed upon a firm basis. But how firm in reality facts will show.

God in in his providence laid his afflicting hand upon Taylor. For several days he laid upon his bed, his life being despaired of by all, even himself. He dreaded death. After having lain tormented under a burning fever for several hours, he suddenly started up in his bed and shrieked, O! Christ, Christ, Christ! O! that I had now a Christ to fly to! I have gained more converts to the Devil in one hour's preaching infidelity, than I did to Jesus Christ in a year, while I was his minister.

Like wild fire the news flew among his disciples that

Taylor had renounced infidelity, and had invoked Jesus Christ on his death bed. In this extremity I felt myself driven to the very labyrinth of perplexity. The infidel clubs disbanded, and my rope broke. The seamen's phrase, "any port in a storm," was now acted upon by me. Although Taylor recovered and after a long time, resumed his infidel post again, yet I could no longer trust my reputation, to a foundation, that sunk at every blast. So I shifted my position by denouncing Taylor for being a Christian, and boasted on my strong hold, my Israelitish origin. Thus I arrogated claims to safety. O! Moses, whither thou goest I will go. What thou doest I will do. What thou thinkest I will think. Thy God shall be my God. And when thou diest I will die. And then I shall be buried by the same hand—and grave too. And as for Abraham, I look so much like you, that any body can tell at first glance, that I am your child. Seeing then that you *can not* disown me, I'm safe oncemore. So good bye, Robert Taylor, for the present. I'm safe again.

The result of my past infidel experience proved to be a future blessing to me. One grand result was, that that bigotry which characterised my former life, with respect to the exclusiveness of my associates, (which up to the time of my embracing infidelity was purely Jewish,) was so far removed, that during the time that I was an open infidel, I formed a very large acquaintance in the Gentile world, which I now had no disposition to throw off. There then rested a blessing of God upon me, (as I shall show in its proper place,) in that it was a Gentile who was the instrumental cause of my conversion to Christianity.

Yet I was ignorant of the character of that God whose watchful providence hovered over me. Sentence against my evil work was not speedily executed, therefore, my wicked heart was fully set in me to do evil. I gave myself up to every kind of vice and pleasure that could be purchased with money. My days and nights were spent alike in profligacy. Led into the haunts of infamy by my brother,

and winked at by my father, I arrogated a tacit permission to sin against God with impunity. Yet the Lord was slow of anger.

Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.

While I was pursuing this course of conduct, I resolved to get married to a *Gentile lady*, whom I had the vanity to believe I could get. A novel circumstance inspired me with this spirit, which for the reader's amusement I will mention.

My brother, who was six years older than myself, had been for two years paying his addresses to a very beautiful young Jewess, without the knowledge of our father. And although the love on both sides was mutual, yet there was an obstacle in the way of his marrying. It was this. The lady was poor. This objection, however, did not start with my brother, but with my father, who, by some means, obtained information of what was going on, and taking my brother by surprise one day, asked him if it was his intention to marry ———. To which interrogative my pale, trembling, brother stammered out, yes. No more was said for the present. In the evening, however, my brother as usual, visited his intended. And to his great surprise, there was put into his hands a letter directed to his lady's father. It proved to be from my father, desiring to know, if in the event he should give his consent to the union, whether he would give his daughter five hundred pounds for a marriage portion. The answer was given to my poor, chagrined brother in the negative, which was no sooner understood by my father than my brother was promptly informed, that he must discontinue to love ———, as she was too *poor*. But if he was determined to follow suit, he might expect to be a beggar all his life, as he would not give him a shilling. But if he would choose a Jewish lady worth five hundred pounds, he would double the amount for him and give him a thousand pounds. How this *loving* intelligence was received by my poor brother, the reader may guess if he can, for indeed I can't tell. I believe the poor fellow cried for a

week without cessation. And for a week I laughed at him, I swore at him, I derided him, and urged him to marry --- if he loved her. And not to resign his independence for a few paltry pounds. At any rate, (I continued,) if the old man is determined not to help us unless we get five hundred pounds, I can play him a trick just about right. I'm acquainted with five hundred pounds, that I can get at any time. But I know that the *old man* wont like my chance. But what do I care for that, (I continued) I can marry, and have a fortune independent of him. This speech called up my brother's sorrow afresh. He burst out in loud exclamations of grief, "crying, thank God, that poverty is no sin, if it were a great many of us would have to answer for it." My poor weak, brother, however, lost his lady. And in his loss I felt stimulated to make an effort to gain mine.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea;
And rides upon the storm.

We hear "the sound of the wind but can not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth." But He who has power over the tornado, and glances the fury of his eye in the lightning, whose voice is heard in the thunder, and who governs Arcturus and Orion, who holds comets in his fist, and numbers the Pleiades, who upholds universal empire by his power, He, even He, knows all things, and adorns them to promote his own glory. Little did I think, when I was blaspheming the eternal God, that even then his bowels were moved in compassion for me. Even then he loved me. Alienated as I was from my God, yet his eye was watching me. Satans' chain was measured. Nor could he pass over the line of demarkation. Although he laid his hand heavily upon me, yet could he not touch my life. The very cudgel that he raised for my destruction, fell upon his own pate, and contributed towards working out my future deliverance from his complicated folds. And if the gentle reader will bear with me, and pity my imperfections, I *will*, (God my

helper,) devote the following pages of this little book to make this fact appear.

The reader will bear in mind that by this time my bosom was entirely a stranger to that exclusiveness which once characterised me as a Jew. This was the result of my infidel principles which taught me to regard all religion as folly. Consequently I extended human rights to the Gentile world. Even this which the enemy designed for my overthrow proved a lasting blessing to me. The five hundred pound about which I taunted my brother, was to be had with the Gentile lady who was subsequently the instrument of my conversion.

As soon as I ascertained conclusively that my father had succeeded in separating my brother from his intended, because she was poor; and when I saw what effect it had upon his health, I felt indignant, and out of a disposition to be tacitly revenged, I thought to show my superiority, and immediately commenced regular visits to a respectable Christian family, where my attraction lived.

After I had continued my visits some considerable time, with the most honorable intention of marrying the only daughter, and only child, (all the time making sure of my prize, at last I ventured to "propose the question," which I soon found was not answered as readily as I had anticipated. So that I began to entertain fears that all my boasting which I made to my disconsolate brother, was vain. And indeed, it proved to be so. For she informed me, however, that she would give me a positive answer in a few days.

When a few days were passed, (which were more numerous, however, than I had anticipated,) I received my answer in substance as in the following dialogue: L. I don't see, sir, how we can ever be married to each other. Myself. *Very surprised.* Why? L. Because we are of different nations, and according to the law of your nation, you must not keep company with one of another nation. And ac-

ording to my law, I must not be unequally yoked with an unbeliever.

This speech, which was delivered with firmness, had a most astonishing effect upon me. Surprised, disappointed and vexed, I affected to laugh, and swear, and anon I flew to Voltaire and his servant Taylor, and commenced preaching their abominable system to her. But all in vain. I could not make her believe that there was no God in existence. The existing secret was, that she was a Christian at heart, while I was a stranger to *common truth*. Finding that I was losing ground, and withal, likely to be entirely beaten off the field by a young lady, I resolved to make one more desperate effort, and pour upon her at once a flood of infidelity. This I commenced with a most dreadful, blasphemous oath. But as quickly was I checked by my lady, with this cutting reproof: "Mr. Davis, swearing is neither fashionable, polite nor brave. Neither does it become the gentleman." That was enough for me. Mortified in the extreme, and as indignant as I felt mortified, I rose to my feet to leave the place.

The young lady finding that I was exceedingly chagrined, and not wishing me to leave her house in so ill a humor, judiciously changed the subject, and with a sweet smile invited me to be seated, (which of course I dare not refuse.) But scarcely was I seated before she asked me a question which did not set very easy upon me either. "Mr. Davis," said she, "what has become of Jerusalem?" Knowing my entire ignorance of history, and observing that she was growing impatient for an answer, I ripped out an oath and declared that I did not care what had become of Jerusalem; that I had got a better country to live in than ever Jerusalem was, (if there ever was such a place.) Feeling that I had exposed my ignorance, a victim to my pride and infidelity, before minds imbued with virtue and religion, I felt as uneasy as if I had been upon a public examination, being unprepared, and felt as if I should rejoice with true joy,

could I but once more see the other side of the street door, with a sound brain.

But just as I was in the act of making my everlasting exit, behold *another* detention. The young lady's mother accosted me, with, "Is it your intention, sir, to continue your visits to my daughter or not?" I could have most heartily wished her in Jericho before she had interfered, but finding that there was no getting off without an answer, I replied yes. Growing impatient to be gone, I moved toward the door. When, lo! that thing of which it is said, it never rests, accosted me again. "Mr. Davis, (said the sprightly girl, in half jest and earnest,) you needn't come here again unless you can tell me what has become of Jerusalem." Without making any reply, I turned round and abruptly made my exit, determined, however, never to return. On reaching the open air once more, I drew a long breath. But ere I had recovered, I was seized with a feeling of chagrin and mortification, sorrowing most of all, in that I had lost my five hundred pounds.

The next day I could scarcely look upon my brother's countenance, which was considerably brightened, owing to pleasing intelligence which he had received from my father the evening before, which he was eager to communicate to me as soon as he saw me. He commenced with a brightened up countenance to tell me that he should be rich yet, for father had taken a great fancy to a rich young Jewess, and wanted him to offer her his hand. I felt, however, too mad to congratulate him; still I had just enough common sense to keep my disappointment to myself. Determined as I was to relinquish the idea of marrying ———, yet I could not so soon forget her. But how to resume my visits I was at a loss to know. The past exposure of my ignorance, my ungentelemanly conduct, and above all my unprepared lesson, all stood before me as so many insurmountable and immovable obstacles in my way. After I had stayed away several days, finding that my peace was considerably dis-

turbed, I resolved to resort to the only remaining remedy, which was, to learn some historical facts about Jerusalem, and so cover my wound with a balm, by going (with perfect lesson) to see ——— once more. So to work I went and gathered some scraps of history, just enough, however, to answer the standing question, "what has become of Jerusalem?" And then with glad heart I resolved upon returning to the *centre of all attraction*, fully assured that I should be both forgiven and welcomed back again.

No sooner had I formed this resolution than to work I went to carry out my plans, and in a short time I was once more in the house of the *Admired*. I had no sooner entered, than after the usual salutations, the standing question was introduced with such an amiable, smiling feature that I felt an irresistible, impulse which constrained me to sit down and tell her the whole story as good humoredly as I could affect. Ragged as my story was, it was received with pleasure, and one might have seen my countenance brighten at the prospect of regaining the five hundred pounds. Still I loved ———. In fine I was puzzled which to choose or which I loved best. Now, exulted I within myself, *I've won*. In another moment, I found myself building castles in the air. How much I was going to do when I had my prize. But just as I arrived at the height of my imaginary happiness, another mortification, in question form was laid upon the carpet for my disposal, from the same source as the last. "Mr. Davis," observed my fair one, "it is true that your country was destroyed by the Romans, but what has become of your people?" Well, I laughingly replied, I am a cosmopolite, all people are my people. "True" she answered, "all people are by nature on a par with yourself; but did you not just now acknowledge that your country was destroyed by the Romans? Now how can there be a nation without a people? Where, therefore, are your national people, the Jews?" Who can imagine my mortification at having questions pressed upon me, which I was so

entirely unprepared to answer? I could have wished that all her questions had been at the bottom of the sea. I blushed, chuckled and timidly answered, I suppose they are scattered all over the world. I had by this time fairly pushed out into the sea of vexation and perplexity, for I could see by my sweet teaser's gesticulations that another question would speedily *arrive*. I felt my indignation rise. I looked at her, then at my hat, then at the door alternately. I heartily wished that I had not renewed my visits, but I was there, and my only alternative was to cut my evening visit short as possible. At the impulse of the moment I rose to my feet, seized my hat and was about to make for the door. But I was as quickly invited to be seated by my fair one, remarking at the same moment, "Don't be in a hurry," Mr. Davis, "I want to ask you another question." Fascinating as was the enquirer, yet I cursed the questions in my heart. I paused and bit my lips, but ere I was aware, I was safely seated on a chair, by the side of my fair teaser. "Mr. Davis," said she, "I feel very much interested for your nation. Do you know the reason why God has permitted your people to be scattered all over the world?" I answered rather abruptly, you are more interested for my nation than I am, for I neither know nor care; to which she expressed great surprise, that I should feel so little interest in the welfare of the Jews, while *Christians* were so much interested in their welfare. "But there is a moral as well as a natural cause for your nation's downfall. When our Saviour, Jesus Christ, (she continued) was arraigned before Pontius Pilate, by your people, for no offence but for being merciful, Pilate declared that he found no fault in him, and would have released him, but your people desired the release of a robber in preference. Then said Pilate, what shall I do to your king? Your people answered, we have no king but Ceasar. Still Pilate plead for his release. But your people were vehement in their cries for his crucifixion. Then Pilate passed upon him the unjust sentence of death upon the

cross. And in the presence of your nation, he took water and washed his hands, declaring himself free from the blood of this just person. Then he addressed himself to your people and said, 'see ye to it.' Then your people with one voice cried out, 'Let his blood be upon us and on our children.'" Here her grief choked her utterance, her lip quivered, her voice faltered, her eyes filled with tears, and she turned aside to give vent her feelings, leaving me astounded, and wondering which was to be mostly admired her eloquence or her beauty.

This speech fairly palsied my utterance to automatum dumbness. I sat for a moment wondering how she knew all this. Yet I dare not ask her a question. I felt, however, that she had insulted me by saying the words *our Saviour*, for to me they were hateful, and sounding the name of Jesus Christ, was to me as a dagger dipped in the matter of the Bohon Upas. Yet, wonderful to tell, I survived, only to writhe with its killing torture. I looked at the silent girl and her mother alternately, with amazement. When presently a mountain of my Jewish hatred rushed through my tormented mind. I seized hold of my hat, and rushed out of the room, leaving the faithful child of God, and her no less faithful mother, wondering after me.

Having at last gained the open air, and once more liberated from mental struggle, I hurried from the place of the Christians; nor did I slacken my pace, until I had fairly reached my old quarters, where between Moses and Robert Taylor, I was once more quieted. This last visit to ——— gave me so much offence that I now determined to give up the idea of marrying her. An extract from the life of this young lady is worthy of mention.

Many years before, her father had embraced infidel principles, whose horrid tendency it is to sever the dearest, fondest ties of nature. Not being content to remain with his Christian wife and daughter, (in obedience to the teachings of Christianity,) he left his family and cohabited with

an infamous woman. Such was the intense anxiety which this child of grace entertained for her father's salvation, that she would frequently throw herself in his way as he would be walking; and prostrating herself at his feet in the open street, so would she implore him with her womanly tears, and giant eloquence, to turn to God and live. Often has she told me that her father would frequently (after raising her up,) throw himself upon her bosom and weep aloud. Sometimes he would say: "O! my dear daughter, nothing makes me feel but your tears." Then he would thrust a purse of gold in her hand, kiss her cheek and tear himself away. O! dear reader, are you a female? let me exhort you to shed one tear for him, who wept many for you. Are you a Christian woman? then, O! dear sister, let your ungodly husband, children, brother or neighbor see drop from your eye a tear in their behalf. That tear, may by the blessing of our good God, be as the tear of the angel pity, blotting out a sinner's sins forever. Weep then, O! woman, weep your tear penetrates the hardest heart. Therewith God can thresh a mountain.

Our lives are made up of a variety of trivial circumstances. But the God who overrules all things to promote his own glory, causes even small and trifling circumstances, to become subservient to his will. Eminently true is this in the instance of our conversion to God. He employs not the mighty of this world to carry out his plans, but the weak things of earth, in his hand, are mighty in pulling down the strong holds of Satan. The reader, no doubt, anticipates what now will follow in the order of this narration. With his mind thus prepared, I shall leave this family of Christians for the present, in order that I may notice what effect these interviews, especially the last, had upon me.

Having arrived home from my last visit, I retired to my bed, "seeking rest but truly finding none," I could not sleep. A strange drowsiness crept over me, and ———s' form was

standing before me, as it were, addressing me in her wonted eloquence. Her earnest manner, her tearful eye, her quivering lip, her choked utterance, her strange speech, "Let his blood be upon us and on our children," were vivid in my nocturnal imaginings. I groaned and turned upon my pillow. But still was I unable to conjecture what all this uneasiness meant. When morning dawned, it found me with a troubled mind. The family noticed that there was something wrong, and not venturing to express an opinion boldly as to my ailment, they all resorted to guessing, and guessed a hundred things the matter with me. But none guessed the *Blood of Christ*. Jests and compliments were alternately passed upon me. I tried to retort, but I acted as awkwardly as a fish trying to swim on dry ground.

There were three things which troubled me. The first was, the loss of my five hundred pounds; the next was, the loss of the object of my choice; and the third was, that foreign speech which she made, "Let his blood rest upon us and on our children." To say the least, my peace was actually disturbed, nor could I find comfort but in the excess of wine and London amusements.

That night I went to the theatre, but I could neither laugh at the comedy nor weep at the tragedy. That awful language, that still more awful denunciation, which my people were said to have invoked, impressed my mind with horror. What, said I, is Jesus Christ so *bad* a character as the Jews represent him? Is he an imposter, a bastard, an evil angel, a blasphemer, cursed of God, and have my people truly invoked *his* curse? Horrid enough to invoke the curse of a good being, but to call for a lasting curse upon us and on our *children*, from such a character as Jesus Christ was, is dreadful. I trembled and realised that the blood of Christ was truly against me there.

After I had left the theatre, I carefully considered the cause that had spoiled my enjoyment, and when I found that I could trace it to no other than my disappointment, it

maddened me, and I resolved to erase from my mind every feature of the female preacher and also the subject. I accordingly summoned to my help all my powers; I laughed and swore; I blasphemed and satirised; I resorted to places of amusement and danced; I swallowed liquor and gambled; yet wherever I was, whatever I did, His *Blood* was there. I gathered together a number of novels and ballads to read, but His *Blood* stained every page. In the day time, I could think of nought else, and in the night, my dreams were troubled with thoughts of the past. Truly, said I, if there is any truth in what is attributed to my people, in calling the blood of Christ upon them, God must have said *amen*, for I can not erase the thought of it from my mind. Thus each day my gloom increased, I knew not why. Still I could not enjoy a tranquil hour. This frame of mind continued for a few weeks, when a thought flashed across my mind to this effect: Have you ever heard a *substantial* argument counter to the idea of the Messiah having been upon the earth? Listening to the voice of conscience, I roused as it were from a deep lethargy, and answered the enquiry with a decisive *no*. True I remembered Rabbi Garson and others of the same stamp, but who were they, or what did they tell? Nothing but idle fables at best. Well, said my mind, *perhaps*, after all, the Messiah *has* come! And if he has been upon earth, I want to know it. But what chance had I to know? Who could I ask? I had shut myself out from enquiry by the avowal of my infidel sentiment. If I fell back upon Judaism, I was equally shut out by bigotry and prejudice. If I enquired of Christians, I knew what answer they would give me. So I ultimately resolved to maintain the position of a candid investigator. My first resolve was to receive the old scriptures for truth, knowing that I had no argument to disprove their inspiration, except what I had learned (parrot-like from Robert Taylor,) I next resolved upon reading Moses and the Prophets *impartially*. I marked every part of importance,

and with the exceedingly feeble help that I had, I endeavored to arrive at the truth. O! had I then known how to pray, what a helper I should have had. But, alas! alas! my soul was barren. Still was the Lord my secret help. How could I arrive at an understanding of the sacred scripture, while I had "no man to explain to me," no helps to guide me and no prayer to offer to God?

The first prominent prophecy appeared in Gen. xlix : 10 ; The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a Law-giver from between his feet until Shiloh come, &c., &c. Here a question originated, who is Shiloh? I remembered that while I was yet at school, I learned from several Rabinical sources that it meant Messiah. This, therefore, become a settled point. Then I reasoned, if Shiloh has not yet come, then the sceptre has not departed from Judah and the Law-giver must be in existence still. Here two grand queries presented themselves. First, where are Judah's sceptre and Law-giver? And secondly, where is Judah? To reconcile these difficulties I affected to believe the Rabinical fables with which I was familiar, and concluded that the Lord had hidden Judah somewhere. But then where are the sister tribes? In vain did I try to bring facts to light, for not a tribe could I find. Here another difficulty presented itself, viz: The Sceptre and Law-giver were never intended for the *exclusive* benefit of Judah, but that they were to spring from Judah for the benefit of the *whole* body. This being true, why do not the 25 or 30,000 London Jews receive some benefit of their Sceptre and Law-giver. Why should they be separated from their privilege? Nor are these all, but also the vast number in Liverpool, and all the English manufacturing towns. Beside these, there are innumerable numbers found in all parts of the world. And I recollected also, of once seeing a *Negro* who was a Jew. But from nowhere had I any intelligence of the existence of a Sceptre or Law-giver. The natural conclusion, therefore, that I arrived at was, that they had departed. When, I could not tell.

But the facts of the case declared plainly in favor of Shiloh's having come, whoever he was. Having in my possession a copy of King James' English Bible, without the Testament, I next resolved upon examining the prophecies. And to my utter astonishment, I found there many portions which were entirely new to me, owing to the fact of their being omitted in the weekly Synagogue reading. These portions I afterwards learned related to the birth, character, suffering, death and resurrection of Messiah. This appeared to me to be a very dark spot, which constrained me to admit that there was somewhere a wrong. And being sensible of the craftiness of the Priesthood, I concluded that they were misleading the people. In all my previous reading I never perfectly understood that the prophecies bore reference to the great Messiah; but now the Messiah was stamped upon every page. Thus the reader may see, that infidelity did me more benefit than Judaism. For while the latter checked and forbade a spirit of investigation, the former indulged and encouraged it. Not that infidelity deserves more praise, but that Judaism deserves less. The more I read, the more satisfied I become that Messiah must have come. But when I arrived at the 9th of Daniel, I was completely astonished. Especially upon reading from the 21st verse to the end inclusive. Nor can I even now, see how an *honest* Jew can read that portion of his own sacred Scripture, and not believe that the time predicted for his Messiah's appearing here upon earth has long since passed away, and that prophecy has been fulfilled in respect to his first advent.

In the former part of this narrative, I have mentioned how barren Judaism appeared to me while I was under the control of the Rabbins. I never could find a particle of the ceremonial law remaining, that (to me) appeared like the ceremonial law of Moses. I knew that sacrifices had ceased, but for what cause or when, I never knew, until I investigated this chapter. Although with the feeble help

that I had, I was unable to arrive at a fair understanding of the numbers therein mentioned, yet I learned that Messiah the prince was to come *before* the sacrifices and oblations should ceased. Secondly, (provided the Scriptures are true,) that Messiah must have come *before* sacrifices entirely ceased.* On reading these facts I was entirely unmanned, I trembled all over. Wherever I walked there appeared to be a sword hanging, as it were, in the air, by a single hair, over my head, threatening, as it were, my instant destruction. I began to feel a dread of looking through this telescope, lest I should bring distant facts near my eye, and so destroy all my argument. Still spurred with the desire to know the truth, I read on. The next fact which was brought to light was the truth of the Messiah having come some time *before* the destruction of Jerusalem. These and other facts all argued in favor of the first advent of the Messiah having a long, long time since passed away. The reader, however, may be aware that if I were to introduce here all the arguments in favor of the Messiah's advent, that I arrived at, that it would swell this little book beyond my calculation. Only here can I say, the more I read the more rotten did Judaism appear.

The shock which this discovery produced upon my physical frame was astonishing. My countenance naturally pale, began to assume a doleful aspect. All the family noticed it; but being ignorant of the facts, imputed it to every cause but the right one.

Few pens can describe the actual torment of mind in which I was plunged. In vain did I attempt to resist the conviction that the Messiah had been on the earth long ago. Although in what person I could not tell. I could not for a moment admit that the Christians' God was the true Messiah. But if for a moment (at any time) I did indulge a thought, that after all, it is likely that he may be, it

* See Frey's Joseph and Benjamin, Vol. 1st, Part 3d, Letter 2nd.

was like signing my death warrant. The best that I could do, was to indulge the hope that I might find the Messiah in the person of one of the old prophets. Yet in not one could I find the character of a "spotless lamb," "dumb before his shearers." His birth of a Virgin; his death ignominious; his grave with the wicked and rich; his soul ultimately satisfied upon seeing his travail, &c., &c.; all, all were features that I could find in no person within my then present reading.

This conducted me mechanically to the brink of a *probability*, that Jesus of Nazareth was the true Messiah. To reject him any longer on judaical grounds I *could not*. To reject him any longer upon the one-sided argument that I always had, I *would not*. Yet I could not receive him, because I did not know him. Neither did I feel anxious to know him. I knew that I could not learn any thing about him, unless I read his book, which I never had any desire to do, although I had seen thousands in the bookseller shop windows of Cheap side and Poternaster row, London. Yet like every other Jew in the world, I passed them by unnoticed.

I could not for a moment admit that so wonderful a person as he of whom the prophets wrote, could possibly be found in the person of the Christians' God. Those wonderful features of character could not be found in the person of him of whom I had learned so many idle tales. Again I endeavored to give some of the old prophets all the credit; and attempted to submit the whole feature of character to either David or Solomon. But then Daniel would again speak: "In the midst of the week He shall cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease." And I well knew that both sacrifice and oblations continued to exist long after Solomon's time. How truly does the wise man say, "the heart knowth his own bitterness?" With me in this dilemma all was bitterness, with no cessation. In this labyrinth of perplexity, I wished myself out of existence. In vain I tried to repose

in quiet and ignorance. But in my sleep I would start, hearing somebody say; "His blood be on us and on our children." So was my peace broken in the day time, and my hours sleepless in the night season. Not knowing how to extricate myself from this difficulty, and having no person to teach or guide me, I felt a victim to real mental trouble, which was so apparent on all hands that I became the laughing stock of the house; who exercised their utmost hilarity, in vain, to deliver me from my mental throes. O! that I had then known how to pray; I would have unburdened my soul from many a pang. But, alas! I was a stranger to both prayer and the God who hears prayer.

My greatest concern was to find out who this Messiah could be. Such was my intense anxiety, that often while reading the Prophecies, I would cry out, who is this wonderful person, who in Scripture is recognised by so many different names? Can I find a person who is able to concentrate them all in himself? If such a person can be found he will be the true Messiah. Here the mind would whisper, JESUS OF NAZARETH is he. Starting from a deep thought, I hastily and negatively replied, no he is not; he can not be; for he was a bastard, an imposter, and the hanged one. Thus was I for a moment silenced, concluding it impossible that he could be the Messiah. Another train of thought now crowded my mind, which most of all was calculated to shut me out from Christ as my Saviour. Contemplations growing out of the fact that the law of Moses encouraged *retaliation*, by inflicting upon the offender, the same injury as that which he inflicted upon the offended, served as an almost insurmountable barrier against my receiving the blessed Jesus for my Saviour. Hence I very naturally reasoned thus: (being ignorant of the New Testament,) If Jesus of Nazareth is the true Messiah, and I become sensible of it, will he not do to me as I have done to him? Certainly he will, was my Satanic reply. While the Law roared out, 'Tis *just* that he should. To which I

responded, then I will be satisfied in my ignorance of him, for while in ignorance I'm safe ; but should I be led to know him, and he then treats me as I have treated him, then I'm damned forever ; there is no mercy for me. Thinking that I had arrived at a fair conclusion, I wept for agony of soul. And a thousand times I wished I had never been born.

In this extremity my mind reverted to ——— ; could I have had her by my side at that moment, I should have reposed confidence in her, and unburdened my mind. But my own bad conduct had effectually shut the door at that quarter. Again the thought of having her once more preach to me about the hateful "His blood," was more than my pride could bear. Thus I gave up all hope of ever receiving instruction from that source any more. Weeks rolled on, leaving me a willing captive of Satan, while all the time I was ignorantly bound under his powerful delusions. My desire for pleasure was now entirely prostrated, and my health become so greatly impaired, as to render it necessary to call in the family physician. But alas ! he too was a stranger to my malady. He could not help me. Tired out and vexed at seeing my continual gloominess, the family abandoned me to eke out a most miserable existence. The enemy of God and his children, took advantage of my weakness, and presenting to my already terrified imagination the most discouraging picture that the father of lies could suggest, I concluded that nothing could possibly save me. Thus for several days I groaned between two clouds. If (said I) Christ is the Messiah, then I shall be damned for the wrong I have done him, but if the Messiah is in some other person, then I shall be damned for being ignorant of him. For many days I continued in a frame of mind not to be desired, which would, no doubt, have terminated in insanity but for the timely deliverance of my blessed Saviour, who directed help for me when I least expected it, and in a manner that to this day, and ever will, fill my poor soul with love and gratitude to my blessed Jesus.

Walking about the house one day in melancholy mood, scarcely knowing where I was, I happened to walk into the *Gentile* servant's kitchen. Notwithstanding I had no business there, I began mechanically to pry into the dresser drawers. While I was engaged in searching for *nothing*, I providentially picked up a book, and on opening it, at the General Epistle of James, I read the first chapter. Filled with trembling and surprise at reading my own condition in a strange book, I turned to the title page to see what I was reading, when to my great confusion, I read the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, &c., &c. This is the Christians book, I exulted, at the same moment something said (as it were) *steal it*. In an instant I obeyed, and speedily deposited it in my pocket. Like an electric shock, I became sensible of my guilt; the fear of detection crowded my coward heart, and on hearing, or fancying that I heard, one of the servants in an adjoining cellar at work, I hastily turned from the opened drawer, and at the top of my strength I ran up stairs, sometimes taking two, and sometimes three steps at a time, nor did I stop until I safely reached my bedroom. Perfectly exhausted, I sat down to recover, but only to find myself placed in a still greater dilemma. What was I now to do with the very first New Testament that I had ever felt any inclination to read? My brother lodged in the same room with me, and for me to have been detected reading such a book would have ended in very serious results. I would have secretly returned it, but for a curiosity which I had, to see for myself, what kind of people the Christians were; and what their religion was. At last I resolved to hide it until I could find a fair chance for reading it privately. To accomplish this, I soon found out an expedient. My father carried on the manufacturing fur business. His business establishment was about two miles from the dwelling, for the safety of which place, Thomas, a *Gentile* lad, used to lodge at night. Concluding that his chance was good for reading, I proposed to my father that I should

sleep with Thomas at the warehouse, urging that I thought it unsafe to trust so much property to a stranger, especially as there had been many robberies in the city lately, some of which had been committed by the watchmen. My bait was good, my father took the hint, and at once fell in with my views, appearing glad of the chance. My brother too was glad to get rid of an uneasy bed fellow. Notwithstanding I had appeared dull, stupid, and thoughtful for a time past, yet it was apparent that nothing very fatal was the matter with my body, so next night I took up my lodging with Thomas, who proved to be of signal service to me, as I will show by and by. This boy had been in my father's employ seven years. He was a praying Christian, and although I always hated him for his religion, yet I ever thought him a very good young man. I remember an interesting affair that took place between us about four or five years previous to this time, it was this. One day as I was swearing most awfully, about the house, Thomas said something to me by way of modest reproof, at which I flew in a great rage and called him an impudent puppy. Feeling, however, some slight compunction of conscience for having insulted the poor boy, I resolved to make some kind of reparation. Watching my chance, I accosted him with, 'Tom what makes you better than me?' To which he replied, "You must be born again, sir." At that I become convulsed with laughter. Born again! I exclaimed; you fool of a Christian, and seizing him suddenly by his collar, I threw him prostrate upon the floor. He was a very stout fellow, and might have whipped me soundly if he had been so minded. Instead of which, the poor confused fellow, gathered himself up, and looking me earnestly in the face, said with a loud voice, "Master Davis, I'll pray for you." I answered him with a bitter, maddened curse, and turned away; thus I added injury to insult. So much for the reparation that he got from me. I'll now return to my story.

I had lodged with Thomas but two or three nights when I found it necessary, for secrecy sake to get rid of him. My main object in getting rid of him was that I might have leisure nights to read the New Testament. To accomplish this, I proposed to him to go to his home at night, and leave me by myself, which he was very glad to do. So next night I was by myself.

The reader no doubt anticipates, that I was actuated by the purest motives, in all this manœuvring. But the very reverse is the fact. True, I desired to read the stolen book, yet not expecting to find any thing in it at all congenial with my feelings or truth. I fully expected to find therein a tissue of absurdities so grossly idolatrous, that it would require just such a head as mine to explode the Christian religion. To accomplish this, I would be alone. And while reading the *forbidden book*, (to save my own bones,) I would be secluded from Jewish eyes, or Gentile tongue.

All this time the poor servant girl was quarreling with her fellow servants about her book. Of course she did not suspect a *Jewish* thief, and therefore I was left in quiet possession of the Testament of the Lord to read at my leisure. My first impression was that I would fortify myself and then go and give the lovely ——— battle for the inroads she had made upon my Jewish predilections, for now I hated her for her religion, more than I ever loved her for her beauty and virtue. At length, in full agitation, I sat down to read, and casually opened the book at John viii. The former part of the chapter made me so angry that I could have burned the book, but still actuated by a desire to read, from the 48th verse to the end appeared to be an accumulation of such consummate folly, that I thought I should have no difficulty in rooting up Christianity from the earth.

Without the least serious reflection, or considering what I was doing, I shut the book exulting in my supposed conquest. On the next day I resolved to go at once and belch out my anti speeches abruptly in the face of ———. The

55th verse, in my opinion, was enough to prove the consummate folly of her religion, and so overturn the whole scheme. Confident of success, on the next afternoon I sallied out, (Saul like,) to seek the Christian's residence, to defeat the inmates with their own weapons. With the book in my pocket, and with the only second place read, and well turned down leaf, I ultimately arrived at the house. Never before or since this adventure, has my bosom been inspired with such a confidence of success. And never have I been so utterly repulsed, and so completely beaten off my track as at this time. On arriving at the door, I raised the knocker, the which I had no sooner let fall, than I was seized with such an indescribable throbbing of conscience, that I would have given all the world if I had not embarked upon so unequal an enterprise. The door was opened by the old lady, and there I stood, pale, trembling and speechless. She invited me in and to be seated, which I had no sooner accepted, than I found myself entirely unable to carry out my plans. My confusion was heightened by the smiling presence of ———, whom I hated for her religion, and the trouble into which I felt she had brought me. There I sat the victim of my own madness, perfectly unable to speak a single word. I felt that God was fighting against me.

The novelty of my conduct struck the two ladies with perfect astonishment. After a pause of some minutes, (which I occupied with looking at my feet,) the old lady broke silence, by kindly enquiring the cause of my uneasiness. I could not resist the kind, motherly appeal she made, and I briefly answered, *I'm in trouble*. A long pause followed. At last the old lady broke silence again by saying, "Mr. Davis, of whatever nature your trouble is, you may find comfort in the Christian religion." In a moment I thought of the well turned down leaf of the book in my pocket, but before I had time to make a reply, she continued, "Would you not like

to visit a Christian Church one Sunday?" That was enough for me. Madam, I indignantly answered, you insult me; you know, I rejoined, that I never have been in such a place; and I'll take care that I never will. Chagrined and mortified, I abruptly seized my hat, I wished the ladies farewell; and in a most hurried, ungentlemanly manner left the house, shutting the door with considerable force after me.

I arrived home chagrined and mortified at my failure and insult, and taking the book from my pocket, I determined upon reading it no more. The remainder of the week passed away, while nothing worthy of a place here occurred until the following Saturday midnight. I retired at my usual time, and soon fell into a sound sleep, when suddenly I awoke and felt as if I had not been asleep at all. While I was laying upon my bed an impression lodged itself in my mind, to get up and go to a Christian Church. I laid thinking about it until day break, when my curiosity was raised to such a pitch that I determined to go at all hazard, to see what the Christians *did there*. But there existed a difficulty, which I could not set aside; which was, the expectation of the family to see me home to breakfast. And if I had gone home, I no doubt should have joined some companions in a Sunday stroll. I looked at all these difficulties, and finding that I could not surmount them, I resolved upon following up my morning plans, to break from every hindering cause, and go to a Christian Church.

After having walked about the city some time without knowing where to go, or at what hour to enter. The bells soon announced the time, and a concourse of people, who seemed to say follow us, led me to the place. I would have entered in with them had it not been for the fear of detection, which prompted me to stay outside. While standing there I amused myself by peeping in every time the door was opened, my curiosity being still on the increase. At last the

house was filled, so that the door was thrown entirely open; which afforded me a full view of the interior. I listened attentively to the singing, and gazed strangely, with open mouth while the minister led in prayer. But who can imagine my surprise when I heard him pray that God would *convert the Jews!* My instantaneous impression was that, if that man means any good by his prayer, he at least, can not hate the Jews quite as bad, as I have always imagined, that the Christians do. A train of serious thoughts soon wrapped me in solemn contemplation, while I still stood without. Prayer being ended, again they sung praise to God. Then the preacher read from John viii, which he no sooner mentioned than I was for running away. Still, however, curious to know the result, I summoned up all my fortitude to hear him patiently, when presently he solemnly and deliberately called the attention of the audience, to the subject from which he was about to preach, from John viii, commencing at the 48th verse to the end of the chapter inclusive. I stood as one petrified. And when he read the 56th verse, I thought he looked right in my eye. I started, and cursing the Christians in my heart, there now, said I, that old hag and her daughter ———, are nothing better than witches; and they have told that preacher my past week's exercise upon that very subject.

Being perfectly ignorant of the manner in which God deals out his providences, (like the Jews of old,) I attributed every visitation to an evil cause, and concluded that Satan had inspired all, ———, her mother and the preacher to persecute me because I was a Jew. I listened, however, to the discourse, and received every word as spoken to me personally. The controversy between Jews and Christians was discussed at length; and Jesus Christ, in the character of the Eternal God, beautifully presented in both type and antytype; yet my heart was hard. At last the congregation was dismissed, but a more wretched mortal never breathed than I was. I turned toward home, with a mur-

muring soul. But HIS BLOOD stared in my face, while conscience would still whisper CHRIST is the true MESSIAH the ETERNAL GOD who was before Abraham, the great I AM whom Abraham saw upon Moriah's summit in feeble figure, when he offered up a lamb for a burnt offering in his son Isaac's stead. What I had learned that day was before me in living figures for some considerable time. The peculiar providence, attending the subject which was presented on that day was well calculated to alarm the mind of an *inquiring Jew*.

As I was walking home, slowly and sad, (contrary to my wishes,) I met my brother. "Good morning," he shouted. "Where the —— have you been? Why didn't you come home to breakfast?" I don't want either breakfast or dinner, I pettishly replied. On hearing this he burst out into a fit of laughter. "I suppose," said he, "that you have lost your five hundred pounds, now its my turn to laugh." At the instant, on hearing his jocose retort, I suspected that I had been detected going to church. I looked him full in the face, and finding him ignorant of the facts of the case, I pushed forward for home, on arriving at which, I was instantly called upon to submit to a rigid cross examination, and then was suffered to retire to my quiet musings. When the evening came I retired to the solitary warehouse, where I encountered many a severe pang of mind. The day's experience had thrown down my prop, and turned the tables completely upon myself.

Never in all my life had I looked in a mirror, where my ignorance was so clearly depicted and shown to me as on that day. Yet I was in no wise inclined to acknowledge Christ as the Messiah. Sensible as I was that I was entirely routed, yet I continued to *fight* after I was *conquered*. I felt maddened at what I tried in vain to reconcile with facts, viz: that that day's business was only a hoax played upon me. I determined to rally around me *all my remaining* force, and find (if possible) some reasonable ground whereon

to reject Christ as the Messiah. For by no means could I, be reconciled to receive him. But if, for a single moment, I indulged a *probability* in his favor, Hell stared me full in the face. For an hour I sat thinking, rallying around me all my arguments, and on finding myself in the worse, I cried in my distraction, Christ is not the Messiah, he must not be, he shall not be.

A tedious night of dreams was at last dispelled, by the introduction of another view of the morning sun. And, O! ungrateful, hardened wretch that I was, I awoke, and cursing the light that God gave me for precious use, I seized it and with its help I again had recourse to the already opened Testament, to find, if possible, some internal weapons wherewith I might still succeed in destroying the Christian religion. Evil as my motive was in reading that morning, yet did God overrule my work for my good. He had numbered the links of the Devil's chain; and glory, glory be to his holy name, that throughout all my tribulations he still said to the enemy, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no further." In the course of my reading my mind was attracted by the twenty-second chapter of Matthew, particularly from the 23d to 33d verses, but the very best that I could say of it was, that it was plagiarised from Moses, (my man,) Deut. xxy, 5 10. But when I read from verse 42 to the end, inclusive, I felt entirely lost. This, said I, is plagiarised from David, (my man also,) Psal. cx. And although I had been reading this all my life, yet it was only now that I began to enquire, what all this very mysterious reading meant. And so eager was I to find arguments against the Christian system, that I immediately flew in my own face, and questioned the common sense veracity of my own acknowledged scripture. "What think ye of Christ?" "Whose son is he?" with their respective answers, &c., drew from me fair reasoning upon false premises. What, I asked, can a man be the son of two men? can a man have two fathers? How then can Christ be both David's and God's son? Here two grand difficulties

presented themselves, apparently insurmountable, at the prospect of which my wicked soul exulted. The first was the fact that Christ could not have been David's son, from the fact that many generations had existed and passed away between David and Christ. The second was, the impossibility for GOD to have a son, who is a spirit. If even God were corporeal, it were absurd to talk of his natural son, because that implies a chain of relations, which is too preposterous to admit of God Jehovah. Well, said I then, if you ask me whose son you are, I am free to admit you either no son at all, or the son of the Devil. Enraptured at my ingenuity in bringing such hidden mysteries to light, I concluded that I had accomplished my purpose, and as incontrovertible arguments I settled them in my mind. So confident was I of success, that I lodged the book in its hiding place, and determined to fall back again, into the ranks of the Jews. Notwithstanding this determination, I soon found that I could not quiet my mind as easily as I had imagined. His BLOOD; the past Sunday's experience; the knowledge that Messiah had been upon earth; facts that appeared favorable to christianity, all crowding before me, conspired to trouble me, in spite of my effort to keep calm, so much so, that as the week was passing, my desire to go to (Spencer Place) church once more on next Sunday was actually irresistible. When the day actually arrived, ere I was aware, I was on my way mechanically to Spencer Place Church. By this time the curiosity of the family was considerably excited to know what I did with myself on Sunday morning. Yet, notwithstanding I feared, yes, I dreaded detection, still regardless of consequences, I felt constrained to push through all restraint, and go (I knew not why) to Spencer Place Baptist Chapel once more. On reaching the place I found the congregation gathering, and fearing that I might be detected, or recognised by the preacher, I entered by an opposite door, from where I had stood on the previous Sunday, and took my seat in the body of the house. After

the usual introductory exercises, the same preacher stood at the desk, (John Peacock,) and announced his text to be in Matthew xxii, and part of the 42d verse, "What think ye of Christ?"

It afterwards appeared that the minister had on the first Sunday announced his intention of preaching from this text, by way of carrying out the same subject, which announcement I had lost in consequence of my being rather hard of hearing. As he announced his text I caught a glimpse of his eye, and at the moment I concluded that there was design on board. My heart jumped within me. I turned round to see if I could leave the house unnoticed. But I found myself to be literally hemmed in by the large audience, so that I was obliged to remain to hear the sermon. The minister first stated the question. He then proceeded to show what some people think of Christ, viz: The Jews think that he is an imposter; the Unitarians think that he is a good man; the Sinner thinks that he is unmerciful; the Christian thinks that he is the Eternal God. Then he showed what *we* ought to think of him; the true Messiah. And lastly, the evidences of his being such. I sat motionless, listening while the man of God proved the miraculous conception and the two natures of Christ as God and man. As he advanced with his subject, tracing the evidences of his Messiahship, my hitherto motionless frame was seized with trembling, until (Nebucadnezzar like) my knees smote together. The force of Gospel truth was too keen. I could not any longer resist the conviction that Jesus Christ was the true Messiah. Yet, as if I had been propelled by the enemy of God, I started (as it were) from a deep thought, he has not proved yet, thought I, that Christ is both God's and David's son. I had scarcely time to recollect where I was, when the man of God closed his book and announced his intention of pursuing the subject on next Sabbath, when he would trace Christ's genealogy from Adam, and so prove him to have sprung from Judah.

At that moment it would have required in me very considerable presence of mind, to have persuaded myself that all eyes were not upon me. Agitated and trembling, I looked round to see if my emotions were founded upon truth. But my sight failed, so that I could not discern a single feature.

When we were dismissed, I turned toward home, contemplating the mysteries of the day, and so very wonderful the chain of circumstances appeared, that I would frequently exclaim, is this Christianity? There were several circumstances that appeared to me to be unaccountable. But above all, was the fact of the preacher arriving at my identical thoughts, and publicly mentioning them. In his discourse he presented the controversy between the Jews and Christians in so clear a light, that I felt confident that he both recognised me and knew my state of mind; especially upon one occasion, when he became warmly engaged, he raised both his arms high, and in a loud tone of voice cried, I would to God that there might be a Jew in this house now, listening to me. At the instant, upon hearing these words, I turned pale. His raised hands gradually lowered, pointing at me; and as they rested upon the desk, I dodged, through fear that they would fall on me. Now, said Satan, you are detected; see the treachery of this new religion, it is not half so true as old Moses. This day's experience served to fill up my mind until I arrived at home, and assuming as cheerful a countenance as possible, I artfully evaded the troublesome questions of the family, when they left me to my reflections. Such reflections as I passed over me that week are beyond my ability to express. A thousand times I murmured, can it be that the Christians are right after all? Is it possible that what I've heard is indeed true? If it is, then Jesus of Nazareth is indeed the true Messiah, and I am damned forever. I shuddered at the thought, and in the agony of my mind I gave vent to my feelings, and I cried out, He is not, he is not; Jesus Christ is an imposter. After indulging such thoughts as these, my mind would be direc-

ted to some of the evidences in his favor. Among the many was the fact of no person ever having answered the character which the prophets gave of the Saviour but Jesus Christ. O! God, I cried, is that true? If it is, then truly his blood will rest in anger forever upon us poor Jews. He will cause us to eke out a miserable existence here on earth, and to obtain his everlasting curse at last.

Such was the tyrannical wickedness of my unyielding heart, that I resolved to rally round me all my remaining force before I confessed myself to be conquered. So that if *I must fall all my force shall fall with me.* Only one consolation was left for me as a shelter, and that was found in the hope that the preacher, on next Sunday would fail to prove that Jesus Christ was both David's and God's son, and I flattered myself that I should realise my consolation, particularly upon the ground of my own reasoning, that the Christians can not make it appear that they believe in but *one* God, when they try to make three persons appear, which without doubt must be three separate Gods. With these thoughts my mind became tranquil and fortified, to carry out my plans to hear the remainder of that discourse on next Sunday, when I anticipated a perfect failure. I was determined until then to remain as quiet as possible. But in spite of all my efforts to enjoy a calm mind, I was so troubled continually, as to frequently cry out in my agony, and wish myself dead; yet (even now) I bless my God that I could not then remain calm. Yes I even now bless my God that I then realised Isajah's truth, that "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." My time was made up of moments of tribulation. A thousand times I heartily wished that there was in existence, no God, no Judgment, and no Eternity. But, oh! there is a God, and a Judgment, and an Eternity to come. Thither I began to seriously feel I was hastening; and with the awful judgment in view, I trembled at the consequence of meeting there the hated Nazarene, if he be indeed the Saviour. Thus my moments har-

passed me; while time was speedily rolling on. But ere I was prepared for the great day's dawn, Sunday arrived again. I did not by any means welcome the day. I actually trembled at the thought of going to the Christian Church again. At the moment of starting, a thousand temptations were thrown in my way, as inducements not to go. But feeling myself under an obligation, to hear out that discourse, I summoned up all my resolution to my aid, and presently I was on the road again to Spencer Place Chapel. I arrived in time to enter with the audience. But scarcely was I seated, ere I experienced an indescribably solemn awe creep over me. The place was holy. Singing and prayer being over, the same minister stood at the desk to conclude his discourse. He read Matthew xxii: 42 to end. His introductory was peculiarly expressive. He then traced the genealogy, and proved that Christ sprang from Judah, down through the line of David. He then spoke of the miraculous conception and proved its adaptedness to Isaiah vii: 14, and xi, &c. &c. Then he spoke at some length of the adaptedness to the wants of mankind in the person of Jesus Christ. And while he continued to preach truth upon truth, all savoring of Christ, whom he extolled in the highest, he poured out such volumes of Christianity, that he made me to see the very same despised Jesus of Nazareth standing on the earth with the feet of his humanity, at the same time laying hold of heaven with the hands of his divinity, thus forming an unbroken communication between earth and glory, whereby man might regain the elevation from which he has fallen. The man of God continued to represent the Redeemer as gloriously adapted to the wants of a lost world. All this I bore with some emotion, but when he spoke of the love of the Lord, in praying for his very enemies, giving us the assurance that his very *destroyers* might find in him favor and pardon, I could bear up no longer. Oh! this was good news indeed. I saw at once that I was his destroyer, I had been all my life sanc-

tioning the bloody deed of my fathers ; and would he pardon such a wretch as me ? The man of God said that he would. The word of God said that he would. This was more than I could bear ; my heart beat, my lips quivered, and in a copious flood of tears my eyes spoke the language of my soul. I buried my face and gave full vent to my feelings. While they were singing a closing hymn, I ventured to raise my head, though with fear of detection, and turning myself round to see if I had been noticed, to my utter amazement there sat both ——— and her mother looking full at me. I shrunk from their gaze, and would have sunk in the earth if I could. Now, I cried, I'm certainly detected, my ruin is sealed. Who can tell how wretchedly I felt ? I left the place with a crowded mind ; Christ was all my thought. When I arrived at my lodging, I silently pored over my strange experience, which but too plainly declared that Christ was *truly* the Messiah, the Son of God.

The reader may imagine what was the nature of my reflections. The truth that Jesus of Nazareth was equal to his pretensions, in that he is the true Messiah, the God-man, the promised Saviour, crowded before me with irresistible power, and so forcibly captivated my mind, that I cried in agony, O ! wretched sinner that I am, how can I be saved ? True I had both read and heard that the worst of sinners might find pardon in Jesus, but my concern was, will he possibly save me from my just deserts ? Can I be saved ? While Satan, in answer, whispered, no, no ; your overthrow is just. Ah me ! I cried ; there is no chance, I must be damned.

My situation appeared to me so utterly hopeless as to drive me nearly to distraction. In my heart I cursed the Rabbins, because they had misled me, and so long kept me in darkness. Yet I could not yield to the idea that Christ is the Saviour. For several days I was in agony of mind, sometimes almost persuaded, then again doubting, then yielding to a probability, until I was driven to the fearful

conclusion, he is not, he is not. I can not, I can not. But here a soft whisper would say *suppose* he is, can you then? Oh! said I, if he is, then I must be *damaed*; I cannot escape.

How often does the arch enemy raise a cudgel against the people of God, which results in bruising his own head therewith? This proved true in my following experience. Perplexed even to destruction, I resolved to make one effort more to destroy Christianity, with its own weapons. In order to accomplish this I determined to read the New Testament, regularly all through. But the more I read the more I was forcibly impressed with the character of Jesus Christ. If I had been acquainted with the character of the New Testament when I was an Infidel, I should have concluded with Porphyry, that it was written "after the events."

In Christ I saw an exact fulfillment of prophecy: I was forcibly struck with the harmony between the Old and New Testaments. Existing facts proved them to be true. Especially in the fact of my own nation being living witnesses against them. If Daniel and Isaiah had been upon the earth at the same time that Jesus Christ was, there might have remained some doubt on my mind, that their description of the Messiah was forged. But from the fact that they both prophecied 600 or 800 years, before the nativity of Jesus of Nazareth, and both speaking so accurately, respecting the time of his birth, his character, life passion, death and resurrection, I could not any longer encourage a particle of doubt to possibly remain with me. And by the time I had read all through the Gospels and Epistles, I felt like crying out, "Depart from me, O! Lord, for I'm a sinful man."

The perusing of the sacred book occupied several weeks, when at each passing day I encountered still more and more severe mental conflicts. The result of my reading was, that I became perfectly awake to the consequences of receiving Christ as my Saviour. The same inveterate spirit which once characterised my people against Christ, was even now as fully mature in them as when they cried out, "Away with

him, crucify him, crucify him, let his blood be on us and on our children." Alas, too plainly did existing facts prove the New Testament to be true, in the last named text.

I saw truth, I read truth, I felt the force of truth ; all my opposition argument failed me, and left me no alternative but to receive Jesus Christ as the only *true* Messiah. In full front of consequences, I groaned, being ignorant of the nature of true repentance. I was even yet very far from being a Christian. If for a moment I contemplated the character of the Saviour as merciful, all my sins in their ocean-like magnitude, deliberately presented themselves before me, and asked, dare you expect mercy from him ? Too willing, alas ! was I to yield to the wicked one and reply, there is no mercy for me ; the Christian religion is certainly true, and I'm lost. Days of mental tribulation rolled by, carrying away with them my natural cheerfulness and health. My physical frame soon sympathised with my mind, until it became fully apparent that my mental tribulation was hurrying me off this stage of action, while no one on earth cared for my soul. My situation excited the fear of the family ; my father became alarmed ; they all prescribed for me, but in vain, for in the midst of all I became prostrated. In vain the family physician advised ; at last it was concluded that I was falling into a decline, and that they had better let me alone. Poor things, they did not know that I needed a heavenly physician.

I now began to think about those Christians whom I had persecuted, how I could make them reparation ? There was the insulted ———, and immediately under my own roof, served the faithful Thomas. My first impression was to invite him to lodge with me again, and at a convenient opportunity, I would disburden my mind to him. I had also policy in inviting him back, which was to prevent my removal from my retirement. He had lodged with me some considerable time, before I could rise above the consequences so far as to say a word to him upon the subject. So that

weeks rolled on, leaving me still trembling under the ire of a justly incensed God. A blasphemed God, a crucified Saviour, an insulted spirit, Death, Judgment, Eternity, the land of rest, and Hell were everlastingly before me, while my sins like a mountain threatened to fall on me. Many a time in my agony I groaned, what shall I do to be saved? I can not live, I can not die, I can not meet my God. O! that I had neither to do! O! that there was no God!

One evening, (during Thomas' necessary absence for the night,) while I was sitting in my solitary room, meditating upon the Christian religion, and my soul's salvation, I was so impressed with a dread of death and my just deserts after death, that I cried in agony, *Must* I then be damned? Is there no hope for me? Is there no chance for escape? Must I be damned in my ignorance? Is there no man who will teach me? My Rabbins are blind; my brethren are in darkness; they can do me no good; Christians I know can help me, but to them I dare not communicate my feelings, through fear of the Jews, who would endanger my life, and I dreaded death. I walked my room in trouble, crying out, what shall I do? What shall I do? I'm lost, lost, lost. In despair I sat down at my table, and seizing my Testament I casually opened it at the 6th of Matthew, I read the chapter with much feeling, which left an impression on my mind to try the effect of prayer. The thought startled me as if it was entirely new. Nor had I ever dreamed of such a remedy. But how shall I pray? What must I do, I enquired? Pray as the Christians do, was the response. What, said I, must I actually go down upon my knees to pray? My proud heart recoiled; my Testament laid open before me at the 6th chapter of Matthew, which attracted my attention, when presently a thought occurred to me that I must say the form of prayer contained therein. In obedience to that impulse, I kneeled down and began to say, "Our father who art in heaven," &c. In an instant my power of body was taken from me. My mind was effectually disturbed.

I thought that somebody was in my room, against whom I entertained great fear. On my knees I trembled. The earth seemed to open beneath me, and I could see (as it were) the flames of hell vainly endeavoring to reach me. Stop, said Satan, consider well what you are doing, remember how great your sin is. You are first going to violate God's command, which tells you to honor your father and mother, Exodus xx, consequently, you will soon die, and be lost forever. Secondly, you are going to turn *Christian*. By that act you will forsake your father's God, and worship a stranger, Jesus the crucified one, and for that sin alone you must go to hell. Rise from your knees and be at peace. I started, and confusedly looked round the room, but all things appearing familiar, I threw myself in a chair, where I sat some minutes before I sufficiently recovered to realise my situation. What does this mean? I enquired. Pray was the response. I have tried but can not, I answered. Pray was still the response. How shall I pray? Pray, pray, pray, was still responded. Here a thought occurred to me that I had not prayed right, that there was a *rule* to be led by. I looked again at the opened book and marked well that I must "*shut my door,*" and pray in *secret*. I accordingly shut my room door, in obedience to the direction, and in the simplicity of my soul I drew my bedstead against it; and lighting a fresh candle, I sat down to meditate, but my mental tribulation increased ten fold. My soul was wrought up to the highest pitch, under the temptations of the Devil, the dictates of conscience, and the calls of God's word. At length I felt determined to try the effect of prayer by *rule*. So I fell upon my knees for the purpose of repeating the same words as before, but I had scarcely begun to speak, before I commenced struggling. The Devil tempted me most maliciously, but by far the stronger influence constrained me to pray. My soul was all on fire, and in a moment my power of speech was taken away from me, so that I agonised before God, struggling with tears

and groans. After a long time spent in this exercise, my speech returned, my tongue was loosed, and I cried out in the ecstacy of my soul, O! God! what is *truth*? O! God give me *truth*. If Moses is true give me Moses. If Christ is true give me Christ. Thus I agonised before God, when presently there appeared to me, (as it were,) the full form of Jesus Christ, stretched on the cross before my face. I looked at him without fear, and such a smile as he gave me would require the tongue of angels to speak of. In a moment more all my doubts vanished, and these words took possession of my mind, "I am the truth." My soul leaped within me, and in a moment more I was enabled to apply the scripture assurance of pardon to myself. I felt that all my sins were pardoned. The scriptures of God were opened wide to me, so that I could receive the promises. My terror of Death, Judgment and Eternity, was at once removed. Oh! that I could have died that moment. Not my will, but thine, O! God, be done. I felt like a pardoned criminal and shouted glory, glory, glory to God; I'm free, I'm free. I jumped to my feet, my candle was burned down to the socket, but the whole solitary warehouse was illuminated to me. My soul magnified the Lord. I felt as if I should never experience another pang.

'Twas a heaven below,
 My Redeemer to know,
 And the Angels could do nothing more,
 Than to fall at his feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the Saviour of sinners adore.

For a time my words were directed to the only channel, I'm free, I'm free, glory to God, I'm free. O! what a beautiful religion to adore the Lamb of God! I could now think of "His blood" with a sensation of mingled joy and grief. The spell was broke; the curse was removed; the Devil was conquered, and my poor soul was set at liberty. Bless the Lord, O! my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.

Being in a state of perfect exhaustion I threw myself

upon my bed, but not to sleep. About midnight I thought that I was walking in most transcendently cloudless weather; quickly there gathered, as it were, above my head a cloud the blackest that I ever saw. While I was gazing at it, there suddenly presented itself from its centre a most brilliant orb, round as the moon but bright as the sun, and it shed its rays exclusively upon me, still I was able to bear a full front and look at it without dazzling my eyes. Enraptured I cried out, What is it, Lord? A voice answered, "Light out of darkness." O! Lord, I cried, is it me? Yes, was the reply, and the whole disappeared. It was but a short time after this, on the same night, I thought that my room was filled with venomous reptiles of every description. Among them was one of huge size, which acted as the chief. At first I shrunk from them, when presently they formed a double line, facing each other, the chief at the head, and I was obliged to walk the gauntlet the whole length. At first I was much afraid, but my fear subsided when I saw that as I was about to pass the "Old Serpent" he darted at me, but could not reach me; and as I walked between the files, they individually attempted to seize me in their complicated folds, but still they were unable to harm me. When I saw that, I folded my arms and walked pass them fearlessly. Every step I took increased their rage and my courage, on I went until I arrived at the end of the walk, where stood my father exceedingly mad, with a club in his uplifted arms, threatening to destroy me. But he, too, was restrained from hurting me. In surprise, I stood awhile looking steadily and fearlessly at him, when the whole was removed.

I laid until sunrise meditating upon what I had just experienced, and concluded that both visions related to my future experience. With reference to my first, I understood it to say, that I was to be "Light out of Darkness," and that hereafter I must be *separate* from my former darkness, as becomes a regenerated soul. My second vision I under-

stood to refer to my future tribulation, that I should have to pass through files of foes, that my father would be my greatest enemy, yet I should be miraculously preserved, and sustained, and that I should bear testimony to the truth of God in Jesus Christ, before many of my enemies, and that they should spend thir rage in vain. How far these thoughts had any bearing upon my after destiny, I shall, in its proper place, show.

When the day dawned, it introduced new joys for me. The air smelt more fragrant than usual, the sun shone more beautifully, and every natural object was to me more charming than ever. Never had I beheld the "Beauty of the Lord" shine so resplendently as on that sacred morning. The all glorious I am, the blessed Saviour, had taken up his residence in my poor heart. The Devil had ceased his temptations, for a season, so that my mind was perfectly calm. O! how I loved the Lord; my heart did truly magnify the Lord. While I was musing upon the glorious experience of my soul, exulting and praising the great God, my reflections were broken by the ringing of the shop bell. It was the faithful boy Thomas, who had come at his usual hour, always the first of all the workmen. In a moment a thousand thoughts rushed across my mind, as to what course to pursue. Should I at once make known to him my rejoicing, or should I watch a convenient opportunity? Without determining, I ran and opened the door, and unconsciously smiled as he entered. He looked at me suspiciously and passed the compliment, Good morning, Sir, you appear very pleasant this morning, Sir!! My heart swelled full, I turned away; after a minute or two I ventured to go him, determined to unbosom my feelings at once. I threw my arms round his neck, which he in a moment shook off, and breaking loose from me, he charged me with being too foolish, rebuking me severely for my conduct, (for he took me to be intoxicated, supposing that I had been reveling all night.) I knew, I felt that my former conduct had

merited all this rebuke, but present circumstances being such that no one on earth could dream of, called from me a fair expression of my feelings. I should have spoken at once, but my utterance was so choked that I turned away and wept aloud. What's the matter, Sir? enquired Thomas. O! Thomas, I replied, can God certainly forgive me? He *has* forgiven me, and can't you? The poor fellow looked quite confused and asked, what do you mean, Sir? His countenance alternately brightened and darkened. He wept and laughed. "Now," he exclaimed, "God has answered my prayer. When you used to persecute me for my Jesus sake," said he, "you know that I never retaliated." "And do you remember, Sir," he asked, "when you tried to put my head in the dog trough? I do, I replied. "Well," said he, "you hurt me very much, and I went and told my Heavenly Father of you." "Now, Sir," said he "I forgive you from my heart, but remember, there is before you a hot trial, a heavy persecution." Here his eyes filled with tears. "I wont stay here," said he, "to see it, because I can not help you, and it must be so, God be your helper. His grace will be sufficient for you, and I shall leave your fathers employ as soon as possible," which he did on the next Saturday night, without assigning any reason. Although my father offered him an increase of wages, he could not be prevailed upon to stay. Thus, after he had served my father above seven years voluntary servitude for fair weekly wages, he stays long enough to have his prayers answered in the conversion of my poor, poor, Jewish darkened soul, and then, without a future prospect of gaining a living, he went to Chichester about 60 miles distant, that he might not see my approaching persecution. He patiently waited until I was on the road to glory; then he said, amen, and left me to travel on. I believe that I shall meet him in glory, and how surprised he will be when he sees me there. But no body will be more surprised than myself. Never have my spirits, before or since been so sunk within me as on the Saturday night when we parted privately. "You will

not be alone," said he, "for God will be with you." I buried my face and wept, and when he turned to leave me my heart swelled to breaking, so great was my love for him.

For some time after this I was gloomy and sad. The Devil took advantage of my weakness, so that my feet well nigh slipped, but my blessed God sustained me, and revived my fainting hope, so that I rejoiced in God again. I soon found that this stroke was sanctified to me. It taught me the important lesson, not to make flesh my arm, but to trust in God for strength and for all.

I now began to entertain serious apprehension for the welfare of my dear father and all the family. I wrestled with God in prayer for them individually, but the more I prayed for them, the more I was excited to pray for mankind at large. Thus was my spirit stirred within me until I felt as if I could take the world in my arms, and with the people fly away to glory. These impressions have not even now left me. God forbid that they should. I trace my call to the ministry back to this early period, and glory to God, I have endeavored to improve my opportunities from that time to this. Yes, dear reader, I love your soul too. O! then be persuaded to love my blessed Jesus.

My countenance soon assumed a different aspect from what it had for months past, which was noticed by my relations. They were not a little perplexed to find out what had wrought so sudden a change, but as I was not prepared to tell them, they were obliged to remain in their ignorance for the present.

I now resolved to go and see the amiable ———, and tell her how "His Blood" had atoned for me, but recollecting my past conduct, I deemed it imprudent to go until I had openly avowed myself to be a Christian.

I now began to think seriously about being baptized in the Christian faith, but fearing the consequences, I resolved at length to seek for *Christian* counsel. After I had made solemn prayer to God, I concluded upon finding, the

minister whom I had heard preach. Having enquired of many passing strangers, I was at last directed to his house, whither I instantly repaired. Never shall I forget what were my peculiar emotions of mind when I had actually knocked at his door, which was opened before I had time for reflection. I was received by the venerable man of God with Christian courtesy, who being in the habit of having Pilgrims knock at *his* door, soon read the nature of my business with him, by the expression of great concern on my countenance. He introduced the subject and encouraged me to speak. His kind words distilled on my heart, my nerves gathered strength, so that I was enabled to tell him my simple story, and concluded with expressing a wish to be baptised. He wept, and his pious wife by his side wept aloud. For a few minutes he appeared to be absorbed in thought. On recovering, he fixed his penetrating eye and addressed me: "Mr. Davis, (said he) if your story is true, you have much to encounter. Remember, Sir, you are rich, young and respected. If you embrace Christianity, you will have to sacrifice all you are worth on earth for Christ's sake. Now sit down and count the cost. You have got the same Bible that I have ; the same God whom I worship ; go home to your father's house, and pray to God to give you direction. Read your Testament again, particularly the Epistles. If, when you shall have considered deliberately what you are about to undertake, and suffer for Christ's sake, you then conclude to take up your cross, then come back and tell me. And may the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, direct you." He took hold of my hand to bid me farewell. He gave me another parting benediction. My heart and eyes filled up to the brim, and I turned and left the good man's house to consider more fully my ways. On my way home the Devil tempted me severely. Consider, said he, what you must sacrifice for the sake of a crucified man. Take care of your reputation. You are just as well off as you are. But if you will have him,

why not be quiet about it? Hang on to your property, you fool, you will lose it all if you are baptised, neither is it necessary that you should be baptised. Thus I was tempted until I arrived in sight of home, when suddenly I awoke, (as it were,) from a dream, and being sensible that I was under the delusion of the Devil, I cried, get thee behind me, Satan, for Christ is my rock. On arriving home I commenced reading the Testament again, beginning at the Epistles, and ending with the Gospels. After a very careful reading, and weighing well every word and doctrine, I concluded to be baptized in the Christian faith.

Having now determined upon this conclusion, my mind was led to contemplate the astonishing position that I occupied. Already I began to feel as an outcast. The cup began to taste bitter. I weighed well every thought that I spent in relation to Christianity, especially in reference to uniting myself to the Church. I looked well to the legacy, "In the world ye shall have tribulation," yet there was reason to take courage, since Christ by his sufferings had overcome the world. I weighed well the fact that if I embraced Christianity openly, that I should have to sacrifice all that was dear to me on earth. The thought too, of parting with my dear relations, and that perhaps, forever, was like a poignard in my soul. In quiet reflection, upon the sacred word, a tear would ever and anon involuntarily trickle down my cheek and fall upon my open Testament. In a moment I was aroused to a sense of feeling hard to be described; but it never failed to lead me to the throne of grace on my knees in prayer to God. During such devotional exercises, my soul would often be led out in contemplation of my Saviour's love, until I wished myself from earth to be at home with God. Earth had no more charms for me. Nothing but Jesus appeared lovely to me, and to follow him I was determined, at any sacrifice, (by the grace of God.) I expected to pay my life for my religion, but

even that I could not hold dear, so that I could win and follow my blessed Lord.

While I was thus moving on in the strength of my new master, with my contemplations wholly engrossed in him, so that I could not rest in silence, my peace of mind was suddenly marred by new temptations of the Devil. "See," said he, "how can you approach your father to tell him the most dreadful story that you have turned your coat? It will break his heart, and you will be guilty of bringing his gray hairs down with sorrow to the grave, before which time, however, you will be made to feel what it is to thus disobey an indulgent parent." The effect of these suggestions produced disquietude of mind. I listened to Satan's voice, and well nigh concluded to hold my peace, and keep my new religion to myself. But here the merciful God interfered, and kindly-whispered, "Whoso loveth father or mother, sister or brother, houses or lands, more than me, is not worthy of me." True, my faithless heart responded, but then what an outcast shall I be on earth, separated from all that is dear to me, and hated by them I love. Here reason interposed and asked, "How can you doubt a dear Saviour's protection?" Another opposing difficulty here introduced itself as an almost insurmountable barrier. That year my father was chosen by the Synagogue to fill an honorable office, which brought him under the special notice of the whole Jewish community. Now if I declared myself to be a Christian, it would not only add to his mortification, but entail upon him disgrace, and bring myself under the more particular notice of the community, thereby rendering my situation ten-fold more precarious, and my life in ten-fold more imminent danger. I fully expected that I should be decoyed among them and privately murdered. The more I looked at this side of the question, the darker it appeared to grow, and in all probability I should have yielded to these Satanic impulses had not the blessed Jehovah again interposed with a tripple tongued voice, which

pealed upon my soul like inspiration, "He that is for me is more than all they who are against me." In a moment I received encouragement, and in ecstasy cried, courage thou, my soul, trust thou in God, "for I shall soon praise him who is the health of my countenance."

The day passed away and ushered in a tranquil night. Satan had been repulsed, and for a little season was quiet. All my cowardly fears were removed, and I resolved to make known my sentiments to my dear father as soon as possible, and my glorious God gave me strength to receive his promises, thus fortifying my soul for the approaching tornado. That night I slept and dreamed of perfect and permanent bliss. Mine was the *victory*. But when I awoke I was disappointed at finding myself still upon this sin-cursed earth. Still my faith in God was steadfast. O! how I loved my blessed Saviour, and how did I feel towards those who loved him too! This day was to settle the question, whether my dear aged father should know that his son was no longer a Jew, as I had by the grace of God, concluded upon professing myself a Christian.

It was Saturday, when, according to Jewish custom, all business should be suspended; yet according to my father's custom, he continued operations all day, but he himself went to the Synagogue. I waited in the most intensely painful anxiety for the family's return, that I might unburden my soul. In a few hours they arrived at the warehouse. The ladies retired to the show room, to select some artificials, and my unsuspecting father was walking the warehouse floor.

Now is your time, said a voice. Hold! stop! not yet! said another. Embrace the present moment, said conscience. Remember what you will suffer, said the Devil. My blessed Saviour! said faith. In a moment I was on the floor with my parent. He saw me at once. Father, I cried, (and approached him,) I've found the Messiah of whom Moses in the Law, and the Prophets did write, he is Jesus

of Nazareth. O! my dear father, I love him, and you will be lost if you don't love him too. He stood several minutes gazing on me with speechless surprise. At length he broke silence with a deep toned curse upon my soul, and raising his voice to its highest pitch, "Now I know, Sir," said he, "what has been the matter with you for the last nine or ten months," and raising his voice to frantic screaming, he cried, "you're going to turn Christian, a Christian you'll go to hell, to hell, to hell;" and again he murmured a deep toned curse. In a moment more he cast upon me a look of scorn which bespoke his most sovereign contempt, and rushing past me he flew up stairs to apprise the ladies. Down came my step mother and two sisters, screaming like panthers: "May sudden death sieze you, you villain," cried my father. "May you be hanged with the crucified one, and afterward sent to hell," cried my step mother. "He is drunk," said my younger sister, and away she ran to fetch a decanter of liquor, and thrusting it in my face, "Here," said she, "drink more and die." At that moment my brother came in, and if he had had a thousand ears every tympanum would have rung, as they all at once rushed at him to tell him about his brother, the "Meshamad."* He raved and swore foaming oaths, and called aloud upon his God to damn my soul, and picking up an old shoe, threw it at me, which struck me on the head, "Here, take it, you fool," said he, "you will shortly creep about the street barefoot begging your bread." My elder sister who had been fastened to the spot, tongue-tied with surprise and anger until now, at length gave vent to her feeling. Her eyes flashed fire; she forgot that she was a woman, and she cursed me with a deep and bitter curse and swore with a most cruel oath, that if ever I eat another meal in her presence, that she would contrive some way to poison me. Up to this moment I had remained motionless on the spot where I first accosted my father,

* A name of reproach to a converted Jew.

when presently one of them pushed me aside, calling me an automaton, and left me. My father went to counsel with his clerk, (of infidel memory,) who was regarded by him as being a Christian, who, in fact, was a wretched infidel; he of course opposed me, and so he added fuel to the fire of my persecution.

It was done. I had confessed my Lord openly. The spell was broke, and Satan fled from the sacred spot where Jesus smiled. I retired to my room and praised my God. Toward evening I went home, and on entering I beheld a scene which will ever be indelibly stamped upon the tablet of my memory. My father was sitting on a chair, leaning his head upon a table and crying aloud. All the family were round him, leaning over, and dropping their tears on him. On my entering, I was first saluted by my step mother, "*May God strike you dead*, look, you villain, look at the tears you cause your father and us to shed," "O! my brother, my brother," sobbed my brother, "I would rather see you a corpse at my feet, than you should be a Christian." In a moment his tears gave way for revenge: "The dread of being hung at the Old Baily, as a murderer, (said he,) alone deters me from blowing your — brains out." "Get out of the room," screamed my maddened sisters. "May your mother's ghost haunt you, and your grand mother terrify you in the night time." "Send him out of my sight, and shut the door on him," replied my father. With an aching heart and streaming eyes I left the house, and would have remained out, but my brother came immediately after me, and appearing to be considerably softened down, bade me to go down into the kitchen with the servants. "Perhaps," said he, "you may change your opinion," and taking from me the keys of the warehouse, desired me to lodge at home that night, and that he would lodge at the warehouse, which I did, and never since that time have I stepped foot into the room where I obtained the first pardon of my sins. The next being Lord's day, I went openly to church, to hear Rev.

Jno. Peacock preach the glorious gospel, and never from my birth did I enjoy such tranquility of mind and freedom spirit. The discourse was directed to afflicted saints. It gave me great comfort. I left the place with a joyful heart, but on arriving at home, I was made sorry again at having to encounter a similar scene to what I did on the preceding night. Where have you been, Meshamad? was the first question. To the Christian Church, I boldly replied. Ah! said they, you and the Christians will all go to hell together.

On the following day, I called upon Mr. Peacock, and spent a most delightful season of religious intercourse with him. Again I desired baptism, but he advised delay in consequence of the delicate situation in which I was then placed at home. I asked him if it would be my duty to voluntarily leave home. He answered no, for that would be making my own cross. He advised me to "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." And after the man of God had offered an especial prayer for me, I left his pious house.

This interview inspired me with fresh courage in the cause of God. Every day I grew bolder and spoke of Christ freely, while my Bible was my constant companion. The family finding that I was growing bold in Christianity, fanned the persecution. They placed a most critical watch over my movements, and so severe were they, that they filched from me all my books, except my pocket testament. They locked up from me all my clothes, except what I had on. My jewelry was taken from me and my weekly allowance of money was stopped. This being done, my father addressed me: "Now, Sir, I want you to know that you are a disgrace to my family; you have forsaken your God, to worship a blasphemer and robber who was hanged. You call yourself a Christian, consequently you have cut yourself off from your family privileges. Hereafter I forbid you eating in my presence, neither may you sit in the same room with the family, your place is the cellar kitchen until you recant

If you return to your God and curse the Nazarene, I'll make you rich, I'll take you into partnership in my business, and at my death I'll leave you more than your share."

Beneath the sneers of the family, I submitted to my lot, and took up my residence in the kitchen with the gentile domestics. Immediately upon entering I produced the stolen Testament to its owner, and when I had told my story the kitchen became more brilliant than the parlour. O! what a palace is the place where Jesus is! This malicious conduct of my father served only as a cudgel raised against me to break their own heads with, and to bind me closer to my blessed Saviour. I courted Christian society; I recognised no particular denomination; I loved my Saviour and his *followers*, and I longed to be united with them. When I was abroad in their society, then I greatly rejoiced, but when I arrived at home again I felt dreary. Not a day was permitted to pass, without an effort being made by different Jewish individuals to reclaim me. Threats, blows and bribes were alternately resorted to, without effect. My brother would frequently throw his arms around my neck, and while dropping his tears on my shoulder, would sob out, "must we part." But if I attempted to talk with him about the blessed Saviour, he would angrily retort upon me with, "I want none of him." Then as though he was dead to all sympathy and feeling, he would plentifully deal out his invectives. "Fool, that you are," said he, "you are standing in your own light, you are blind to your own interest. Now you may be respected and rich. Our father is growing old, he will soon die, and then this property will be yours." Then softening down a little, he would again beg me to recant. "O! do recant; your father has taken an oath, that if you will not, he will disinherit you, and kick you out of his house, and shut his doors against you forever. You will then be poor, despised and hated by every body; you can not get your own living; you are not used to work; you will starve to death in the poor-house; you will wander up and down

the streets barefoot, and begging your bread from door to door. Then I will spurn and shun you, and refuse you a morsel from my door. The Christians, too, will hate you, for nobody loves a traitor. Remember your mother who gave you birth, she worshiped our God; remember your grand mother who raised you in that same faith; they both died Jewesses and are now in heaven. If you now turn traitor to them and their God, their ghosts will trouble you by day, while you are begging your bread, and terrify you at night, while you are lying on your pallet of straw. You are breaking your father's heart, and he too, will soon die. See my tears; see your own interest; see your property." Then throwing his arms round my neck, "O! come, my only dear brother, back again to our bosoms, you may yet be happy and rich." Here he would feel at a loss to know what other inducement he could offer, and feeling maddened at the Christians, who he said were sealing my ruin, he would let off a volley of blasphemy against my blessed Lord and Master. That was enough for me. One word spoken against my Lord so effectually wounded my soul, that every kind word, spoken in my behalf, ceased to have any effect upon me. Such was the poor fellow's zeal for my recantation, that he had no respect for truth, provided he could succeed in fabriating the smallest ray of hope for my recovery. More than once he told the family that he had well nigh prevailed upon me to recant. But when they saw that I was a Christian still, their malice was vented against me in full. In this manner I lingered along for several weeks, longing all the time to be unclothed from this clay tenement, that I might the more effectually be clothed by Christ's righteousness.

One day my trials of mind were peculiarly severe in consequence of the many that assailed me on all hands. The malice that they vented had a tendency to discourage me. But nothing cut me so deeply as when I saw my own dear father coming toward me for the first time, with tears stand-

ing in his aged eyes. He wept over me, begging me to recant and turn to the God of Abraham. My father's tears. They cut the deepest. How could I resist them. Hear how he pleads with me to curse my blessed Jesus. Look! see, his tears drop on me. Oh! my heart, my heart, it swelled to bursting. I could not shed a tear. My brain became feverish, and my frame trembled. Satan flew over my head, and overshadowed me with his black insinuations. Not a word could I speak to my sobbing parent. At length he left me, almost distracted. When he was gone I retired to my chamber; my sky was cloudy; all was dark and gloomy. I clapped my hand to my forehead, and rashly condemned the scene for delusion. Truly, said I, Christ is an imposter. Why must I suffer so much. There is no God, no Devil, no Judgment, no Eternity. Then why this anguish. O! death, come death to my relief. At the impulse of the moment I seized a razor and opened it. Now death, I cried, come to my relief. Just as I was in the act of committing the unpardonable sin, the Almighty God interposed, and caused a deathly agonising trembling to seize me, which so terrified me, that I threw the murderous weapon across the room. As I looked at the shattered instrument lying upon the floor, I was forcibly admonished of God's truth, that "no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him."

Some few days passed by, leaving me still in a dull, cloudy state of mind. At length, in God's own time, when his glorious purpose was fulfilled, the clouds began to disperse, and showed the ethereal blue of the expanse of God's love above me. After some solemn reflection and prayer, I became sensible that I had been lying in the "Slough of Despond." In my meditation, I thought that I was standing upon the brink of Hell, fearlessly sporting with death; at a short distance from me stood my insulted Saviour, holding out tender inducements for me to leave that spot, and come to him for protection. I stood awhile to gaze on either

hand, but the beauty of the Lord overcame me. I immediately fled to the throne of grace to weep out my prayer of contrition, and glory, glory, thrice glory to the blessed Saviour, the Devil ceased to tempt me, and again I stood "firm in the liberty wherewith Christ made me free." O! that I may never, never "again be entangled with the yoke of bondage." Two months passed away, and by the grace of God, I was still pursuing my Christian course.

It was now the month of September, 1831, (the same month on which my mother died,) that God, in his mercy, resolved to "shorten those days," of tribulation in order to perfect my salvation. One Friday, after my father had exhausted his patience in endeavoring to provoke me to renounce my Saviour, he grew literally mad against me, and resolved to put a stop to so much religion if possible. In order to accomplish his purpose, he suffered his bosom to be inspired with *Bonner's* spirit, and so resort to harsh means. Immediately calling me to him, he commenced insulting me with words like these, "Christian, Turncoat, Meshamad, Fool, Beggar," and fingering his watch seals with one hand, and rattling money in his pocket with the other, "Poor beggar," he sneered, "you may be rich; stubborn fool that you are, why do you persist in your present course?" Straightening himself, and raising his voice; "Hear me, Sir," said he, "I will give you until to-morrow night to make up your mind whether you will recant or not. If you will, I will be more than a father to you; but if you will not, I'll turn you out of doors, and cut you off with a shilling. Then you may go to hell with your Christians." He turned from me, and I went and rehearsed the matter in the ears of the Lord. On the next morning, I rose early and left the house before breakfast, thinking that thereby I should shun my now infuriated father's face for one day, expecting that he would retire to the Synagogue. I presumed that he would hardly put his threats into execution as soon as he had stated. In order that I might be

somewhat retired, I repaired to the warehouse, hardly expecting to see any of the family until the afterpart of the day, but scarcely had I arrived there ere my father appeared before me. Determined to carry out his threats that night, he had sought me early to put me on the look out. Maddened at the thought that he had to come to the warehouse after me on the "holy day," he commenced swearing most awfully at me. "Now, Sir," said he, "take your place at that corner of the warehouse, (pointing with his finger,) and stay there till this night at ten o'clock. Make up your mind by that time what you intend to do." I obeyed, and took possession of the gloomy recess. There I spent the day in fasting and prayer to God. Shortly my poor, afflicted brother arrived, and advancing toward me, he buried his face in his handkerchief with both hands, and wept aloud. I looked on him in pity and wept too. "Recant," said he. My blessed Saviour, said I. "He's an imposter," he answered. I love him, said I. "Infatuation," he replied. I have the evidence in my soul, I answered. At that he grew angry, and commenced portraying the misery he could conjecture that would be consequent upon my being turned out of doors. "To-night," said he, "your father will decide your case, and you will perish in the street. O! how can you be so blind to your own interest? Do recant. Shall I tell father that you have recanted? O! my dear brother, shall I say that you recant." He stood over me, persuading and entreating me so long, that I was just upon the very verge of yielding, but ere I yielded to his importunities, I experienced seasonable help from God; so that I was enabled to hang upon the promises of the Scriptures, and stand firm. He left me, but in a very short time returned with a message from my father, and presenting before me money declared that if I would recant, that the large amount should be immediately put into my hands. For a moment I was completely staggered. My whole living was now at my immediate disposal. I could have reached out

my greedy hands, and have grasped Mammon, but God spoke, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth." Go away, said I, let me alone, for "miserable comforters are ye all." "Fool," said he, "let the worst come upon you, who will pity you?" In an hour or two afterward my father came within a pace or two of where I stood, he looked at me, his expression altering from contempt to revenge; presently his countenance assumed a feature of pity; he turned away without saying a word; but I saw tears fall from his eyes to the floor, although he tried to suppress them. This was Satan's opportunity, "see said he what anguish you are causing your father; and consider what anguish he will cause you." This temptation had well nigh the desired effect. My soul was cast down and more than once I actually stepped out of my corner, to sign my recantation and ask my father's forgiveness. Like inspiration the thought flashed across my mind, "He weeps because you will not disown your Saviour and with him go to hell. Enter into life halt and maimed." The thought startled and strengthened me, and blessed be God, I became firmer than ever. In an hour or two my sisters and step mother arrived, covered with jewels, artificials, and streaming feathers. They stalked near to where I was and then commenced twittering, sniggering, grinning and satyrising. "Christian," said one; "Christian thief," said another. "Fool," said another. "You'll suffer, you rascal." "You'll repent of all this." "You'll die in the work house, and then go to hell." When they were tired of that amusement they wished me unanimously a meshonmeshina,* and then they retired to the show room to select more artificials. Thus they spent the great and holy seventh day. Their course actually disgusted me, and I turned my back upon them as they were leaving me, and renewed my vow of love to my blessed Saviour. Ten times that day I was on the very verge of recanting,

*Sudden death, dreaded much by the Jews.

but every time I was favored with such clear views of God's saving grace, and the word of his truth, that I was enabled to bless God and take courage. At about five o'clock in the evening the Devil ceased to tempt me and I began to glorify God, for I experienced such strength of soul as to enable me to form a determination to suffer for my blessed Lord; so that had all the fires and faggots of Mary and Bonnea been placed before me, I could have endured their utmost torture, rather than have swerved from confessing my Lord and Saviour. Men and Devils now left me to enjoy a serene mind preparatory to the hour of trial, 10 o'clock; I prayed for the worst, I was ready to meet it. A little after nine all the hands were paid off, the place was closed, and all the gas lights were put out but one. Now, said Satan, prepare to die. But he could not move me, for I was prepared and expected death. Nothing daunted, my faith was in God, I was unmoved. Let it come said I, let it come. About 10 o'clock my father and I were alone. He took his position at the far corner of the warehouse and summoned me to appear before him. At that moment a thought like inspiration, presented to my mind my Saviour before Pilate, and a voice seemed to say, "Keep your Master, Christ, before you for a pattern." I obeyed the summons and stood before him. For a few minutes not a word was said, when presently he commenced mocking and deriding me. "What do you look like?" asked he, "you look like what you are, a Christian;" raising his voice, "well, sir," he roared, "are you willing to part with me?" You, sir, I replied, are a good father to me, you know that I love you, you know that I don't deserve this persecution. If I am wrong in my religious views, let us sit down with the Bible in hand and shew me wherein. "You, sir," he replied, "have nothing to do but what I tell you, I shall be answerable in the day of judgment for you." That, sir, said I, may be Rabbi, but it is not Bible. "Tell me, sir," said he, "would you rather part

with me or Christ?" I'm ready, said I, to make ten thousand sacrifices, even of you, much as I love you, and all that you are worth, but don't take from me my Saviour. On hearing that he screamed and cried; he would have spoken but his passion choked him, and throwing himself across a large mahogany desk he sobbed aloud. Presently he jumped up, cursing and swearing, and running toward me with uplifted umbrella, "Tell me once for all," he roared out, "are you a Christian?" I answered, I am. At that he cursed my soul again and again. "Now," said he, "go to the Christians, and see if they will give you a meals victuals," and taking hold of the collar of my coat he kicked me from his house, and having locked the door he came up to me and shook his fist in my face, and cursed me with a most horrid curse, saying at the same time, "you'll repent this." At that moment I thought I heard most melodious voices singing, "when thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up." Father, said I, I shall never repent it, but you will.

His heart hardened, mine softened, and as he turned upon his heels to leave me, I wondered that a parent could be so weaned from a child. In a moment I was thrown from affluence to poverty. The night was cool and damp, and for the first time in my life I had no bed to lie upon. My clothes were shabby, and pockets nearly empty; neither did I know where I should get my next meal from. I did not know a single person in whom I could repose confidence but the poor boy Thomas, and he was far off. Filled with mortifying reflections growing out of my situation, I could not help weeping. I walked toward home and stood opposite to the well known and well lighted house; I saw company round the lieu tables playing cards. For a time I stood contemplating the scene which was drawn before me; I was well nigh tempted to enter, but being conscious that there was no admittance for me, with a heavy heart I turned away. I resolved upon trying to get admittance in the warehouse. I walked toward the solitary place, (in con-

stant dread of being taken up by the police, it being late,) but all was dark and fastened up there. There was no admittance for me. In this perplexity, I resolved upon laying down upon a door step, and so run the risk of being locked up, then I concluded my situation would be made public, and so God would make provision for my sustenance. But as high as heaven is above the earth, so high are God's thoughts from our thoughts and God's ways from our ways. He had already made provision for me that very night, but I did not know it. He had truly prepared the way for my publicity, not only less mortifying to my weak nature, but more honorable to his own glorious cause.

I had scarcely concluded upon giving myself up to chance, when my meditations were interrupted by a sudden tap on my shoulder. I started expecting to see a patrol by my side. But contrary to my expectation, there stood a young man about my own age and size, who gazed at me in apparent surprise.

"Are you in trouble, sir?" he enquired. I replied, "I am." "Is your trouble for Christ's sake?" he asked. I replied, "it is." "What is the nature of your trouble?" he enquired. I have this night sacrificed all, I replied. "Well," said he, "my mother has been in trouble since 4 o'clock this afternoon; she has had an impression on her mind that she must relieve some child of God. And now if you are in want of a home come with me, while I have a bed to lie on you shall have part of it." I was unable to make any reply, but my heart filled up with sensations of gratitude to my God for his compassion toward me. At his invitation I walked with him to his home. On entering he introduced me to his widowed mother, who was sitting before the fire with her large family Bible on her knees. She looked at me through her spectacles, and enquired, "Are you a Christian, young man?" I replied, "I am." "Are you in want of a home?" she asked. "I am," I answered. "Come," said she, "sit down and tell me your story." I did so, and they all wept. "Well," said she,

(pushing her spectacles to the top of her head,) "about 4 o'clock this afternoon I opened my Testament and the very first passage that my eye fell upon was Hebrew xii: 2, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." "I have," she continued, "been strongly exercised since then until now, neither could I retire to rest until I told my son George to walk out awhile, to see if he could not find some worthy object. I did not," continued she, "expect to entertain an angel, but I certainly did a stranger. God in his mercy has, therefore, provided a home for you in my house, and I will be to you as a mother." After a short time George invited to retire with him; we invoked God's presence; when we were risen from our knees, George took my hand in his, and looking seriously in my face, "Remember," said he, "the birds of the air have their nests, foxes have their holes, but the Son of Man had not where to lay his head," *but we have*. This speech had its desired effect upon me. I so filled up that I could not reply, and I turned from him, to lie upon my pillow, not to sleep, but to anticipate the rising sun, with tears of gratitude and words of joy. Already had I seen in myself and my foes a full verification of my visions, and full well was I made acquainted with the consoling truth, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

Nearly three weeks of uninterrupted tranquility did I enjoy under this benevolent roof, before my relations found out where I was. Meanwhile I was watching their movements, as they were prowling about after me in every direction, as though they were in quest of prey. Some time afterward I learned that my father had actually expended considerable money for the purpose of kidnapping me to carry me to a private mad house, but in this they failed, for God was my protector. When they found out that I was secure and well provided for by the Christians, my father sent daily messengers to me with bribes urging me to recant,

but when he found that he could not prevail, he threatened to prosecute the widow for harboring me under her roof, urging as a pretext, that I was a minor. This step excited some friends in my behalf, who, by way of retaliation in behalf of the widow, threatened my father with suit for my board and lodging, etc., urging as a plea, that he had denied me an asylum under his roof while I was a minor. This state of things operated sorely against me; I could not bear the prospect of bringing into collision my Christian friends and Jewish foes. I was impressed with the fact that I was drawing many parties into trouble, and it was more than I could bear. I fell into a desponding state of mind, of which the Devil took the greatest advantage. So much did the enemy trouble me that I well nigh lost sight of the mercies of God; and rushed upon the "thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler," by attempting to commit suicide a second time. The house in which I was now living had a well stairway, with a sky-light on the top, under which there was secured a stout beam about twelve feet long, to which there was fastened a pulley and rope, for the purpose of hauling up goods. I stood looking at the apparatus and concluded to hang myself. No admonition of Scripture had any impression upon me. Go on, said the Devil, you are a *Jew still*, therefore you are perfectly safe, and if you are a Christian, you must be damned, except you are of the *predestinated* few. Hang yourself and so end your trouble. Such an effect had all this upon my already harrassed mind, that I actually *secured* the rope across the beam, and put a slip knot at the end, intending the next step to be to fasten it round my neck, and then take the fatal jump from off the banister. At this moment I heard somebody coming up stairs, when one of the sons of the widow presented himself, and began talking to me about my father. He told me that he had had an interview with him, and that both parties had concluded upon withdrawing their suits, and that my father had said that he should give himself no more uneasiness or concern

about me; that he did not care what became of me, and that I should never step foot in his house again, and that on no account would he pay a shilling for me. "Now," said the young man, "you be at rest, we will all help you to get into business, so that you may support yourself." This message was as a balm to my wounded soul; my mind gradually became tranquil, and I trembled when I became sensible of the danger to which I had just been exposed. Blessed be God, who frustrated my wicked purpose, that his name might be glorified in my future life. I now felt ready for Baptism. Accordingly on the next day I went to Mr. Peacock to request it. I was cordially received by his pious family, and when I made known to him the nature of my situation, he expressed his willingness to baptize me. I was accordingly Baptized in the baptistery, and received into the Church fellowship of Christians in the month of December, 1831, in Spencer Place Chapel, Coswell street road, London.

I can not omit mentioning a circumstance that took place at my baptism. The Baptists of London are greatly accommodated in carrying out the apostolic pattern, by repairing to great waters in order to perform the Gospel ordinance, in consequence of the great traffic that exists upon their only convenient water, the Thames, hence their places of worship are all provided with Baptisteries. When the evening for my baptism arrived, the house was crowded to see a Jew baptised. An appropriate discourse was delivered, after which I was conducted to the water; I was then led down into the water, but just as I was about to be *buried* in Baptism, a voice from the gallery shrieked out, "My Brother," at the same moment a young man was just in the act of throwing himself down from the gallery, but was prevented by those who sat nearest to him, seizing hold of his arms, (as half his body leaned over,) and pulled him back in the greatest possible excitement. It afterward appeared that the young man

was my own *only dear brother*, who was attracted to a Christian place of worship for the very first time in life, to witness the closing scene of all his hope that I would ever recant, and when he saw me about to be buried in the Christian faith, he was so overcome with excitement, as to attempt suicide and murder by throwing himself from the gallery upon the audience beneath. Poor fellow, "he went away in a rage."

When I had come up out of the water, I was accosted by a Polish Jew, a convert to the Lord Jesus, and as soon as he came near enough to me, he kissed my forehead with a holy kiss and bid me *God speed*. That kiss went to my heart, and the presence of a Christianised Jew at this juncture of time was peculiarly strengthening to me.

Up to this present time I have led the reader along the meandering route of my life and Christian experience, until he at last finds me enjoying the privilege of membership with the people of God in his militant visible Church. My union with the Christian Church was sentimentally, the death blow of hope for my recantation. In the estimation of my relations, I was now as dead; consequently the funeral obsequies were performed for me. They mourned for me seven days, all the family sitting upon stools, and refusing to be comforted. The men wore their beards a month. They put on for the occasion their most shabby clothes, and eat nothing of any consequence for a week, except what was presented to them. Thus they buried me in imagination and effigy. My father immediately altered his will, entirely disinheriting me, and the more effectually to deprive me of a lingering hope to regain a portion of my rightful share, he took my brother in partnership with him in his business, so that I was effectually cut off from ever again associating with any one member of the family.

In a temporal point of view, I was now poor and dependant, but in the loss of all my earthly possessions and friends, I found "the pearl of great price," a Heavenly

Treasure, a Blessed Saviour, a Glorious Redeemer; and a friend that sticketh closer than a *brother*. That friend had said "*fear not it is I,*" and shall I repine? No, I count them all nought so that I may win Christ. O! "who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? No! In all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Notwithstanding I was by constraint alienated from all my relations, I still maintained some bodily fear of the Jews, many of whom, who knew me, were hot against me. It was in consequence of this, that I found it necessary to be as secluded as possible while endeavoring to carry on a small business barely sufficient for my support. Finding that I was hedged all round, I resolved to set sail for America, which I did on the following July of 1832.

After I had been from home about six months, I one day providentially met my father on the street, and mechanically seized hold of his hand; at first he assumed a pleasing aspect, thinking perhaps, that it was the familiar grasp of an associate or trader, but when he became satisfied that it was *me*, he scowled his countenance, cursed me for a *Meshamad*, broke loose from my hold, and so passed on. I gazed after him with anguish of heart crying with the weeping prophet, "O! that my head were waters and mine eyes were a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." "O! that I had in the wilderness a lodging place of way-faring men, that I might leave my people, and go from them, for they be all adulterers, an assembly of treacherous men." About ten months had now rolled by since I had stepped my foot on the threshold of my father's

door. I, therefore, resolved to break through all restraint, and abruptly enter my once own home to take my leave of those whom I still loved.

I had now all things ready for my voyage, and I determined if possible to talk to my father once more face to face. I watched my opportunity for a Saturday when the whole family would be most likely to be together on their return from the Synagogue. I soon found a chance. One Saturday as they were all together entering the warehouse, I followed at their heels. My sisters and step-mother saw me first, and at the impulse of the moment, they ran up stairs as if they had seen my ghost. I followed my father to the counting house, where I met with a reception corresponding with my former treatment. As soon as he saw me, he knit his brows, and demanded of me, "What do you want here?" I want, said I, to take my leave of you, and see if you have a father's heart. "You are not my son," he replied. "Where are you going to?" I am preparing to embark for America, and do not expect to see you ever again until I meet you at the bar of God. "Are you still a Christian?" he enquired. I am. "Go, then, to America," he replied, "and mind me, Sir, what I now tell you, if you arrive safe in America, and there recant, send me word, and I will provide you with ample means to return home, but if you do not recant, then if you are *hanged, murdered, drowned or poisoned* it will not move me, for I do not care what becomes of you, and if you ever send me a letter I will neither read it nor answer it." I then asked permission to see the family, which he refused, saying that they did not want to see me ever again. This treatment cut me to my heart, and a tear filled my eye in spite of all my exertions to suppress it. I reached out my hand toward my dear father, and raising my voice with an effort, Father, said I, farewell, and as my hand was extended still towards him, he slowly moved his toward me, which I no sooner saw, than I seized it, and held it with a firm grasp, and looking him full in his

eye, Father, said I, *farewell for ever!!!* This touched him; his aged eyes filled up, and as he gently drew away his hand from me, he muttered, "*Go, and I wish you well.*" I turned away from him, with an almost broken heart. During this interview my brother was standing in the middle of the floor listening, and as I turned from my father, he presented himself before me. For a minute we stood looking at each other, and in a moment more were locked in each other's arms, both sobbing aloud. Presently I broke loose from his hold, and took his hand in mine, Farewell, dear brother, said I, farewell, perhaps for ever. He turned from me weeping, and I left the uncharitable place expecting never to see it again. I had taken my last farewell of both my father and brother, but the female part of the family were too hardened to even sympathise for me. Yes, let blush bury its face, as I rehearse the astounding fact, that all through this tragedy, the female part of the family were so lost to sympathy as to treat the whole scene as comedy. They never manifested the least anxiety for my recovery. But, seemingly lost to female tenderness, their invectives were harsher, and their general conduct more cruel towards me, than men could dream of. Father, forgive them!!! Glory to God, I count it joy that I am worthy of suffering persecution for Christ's sake.

In a few days more I was on board the old Whaler, which was to bear me over the pathless deep to a stranger's land. Here was now to be my abode until it should please God to further dispose of me. The first evening after I was on board, I was walking the steerage gloomily and sad, contemplating my future prospect and situation, reflecting upon the hardness of my female relations, the obduracy of my father and sorrow of my brother, when presently my meditations were interrupted by somebody laying hold on my shoulder. I turned to see who it was, when, to my great surprise, there stood before me my dear brother, who had come to make one more effort for my recovery. At first he

appeared stupified, but presently he found relief in a copious flood of tears. He leaned upon my shoulder to weep, and when he was sufficiently recovered to speak he could only at first sob out, my brother, my brother, and in broken accents he expressed himself for several minutes. When he became more composed, he made several valuable proposals to me to return home. But the proviso of all was that I should recant. He laid before me money and promises, and felt so sure of success, that he was for ordering to have my boxes hauled up out of the ship's hold, having his porter in readiness to carry them home.

Much as I dreaded the ocean, much as I feared the consequence of standing upon a strange land, much as I loved my dear brother, much as I loved the inducements to return home, yet, "the love of the Christ constrained me" above all, so that I could not recant. The love of God was seated in my heart, and I could not be moved. He staid with me until dark and then left me disappointed at his failure. Next day our ship was towed five miles down the river to take in her supply of water. I left the dock of London expecting to never again see its ground. I had taken my leave of the lovely ——— and her mother, the faithful boy Thomas, and my much loved Pastor and Church; I had bid farewell to my dear father and brother, and to all that was dear to me, even the land of my nativity, for Christ's sake. But I could not help contemplating home and past scenes; the days of my boyhood, youthful imaginations, and future prospects, and as I contrasted them with my present situation, I could not refrain from dropping a silent tear. I felt gloomy and sad, and my pen can not at this late period correctly portray what were my heart's emotions. But presently awakening, as it were, out of a dream, I was impressed with the fact that it was all, all for Christ's sake, and I bowed in submission to God's will.

Early next morning all was on board, and preparations for sailing were nearly completed. In the midst of the bus-

tle and confusion, and contrary to my expectations, my poor dear brother actually stood before me again. In a moment he gave vent to his feelings, and in the presence of the ship's crew, he cried out, "Must you go? Will you leave us? You'll starve in America, and no body will care for you; your father says that he is almost broken hearted, and that if you will only say that you recant, and will come home, that he will be more than a father to you." He then offered me bribes of money, declaring that all should be mine if I would but recant. I briefly replied, I can not. He stood on board laboring with me until orders were given to loose her. He was all agitation, he clung to me and looked toward shore alternately. "Must I part with my brother?" said he. "O! my brother, I never knew that I loved you until now; you *have got my heart*, take it with you, farewell." I drew him near to me and kissed him through mutual tears, farewell, farewell, said I, "I've got a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." The captain's hoarse voice roared out, company off. One general rush followed from ship to shore, and some from shore to ship, and in a few minutes more our gallant old Whaler (the Calista,) was before the breeze. I looked steadily toward the shore, until I lost sight of it. There stood my poor weeping brother, with his face buried in his handkerchief. Among the crowd I recognised — — — and her mother, and several members of the church. I strained my eyes to catch a last glimpse at the land I loved, until distance dropped a curtain between us, on the 10th July, 1832, with 126 passengers beside the ship's crew.

"Yes, my native land, I love thee,
 All thy scenes, I love them well,
 Friends, companions, happy country,
 Can I bid you all farewell?
 Can I leave thee?
 Far in strangers' land to dwell?

"Home, thy joys are passing lovely,
 Joys no stranger heart can tell,
 Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee,

Can I—can I—say farewell?
 Can I leave thee?
 Far in strangers' land to dwell?

"Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
 Holy days and Sabbath bell,
 Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
 Can I say a last farewell?
 Can I leave you?
 In America to dwell?

"Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
 From the scenes I loved so well,
 Far away ye billows bear me;
 Lovely native land farewell,
 Pleased I leave thee,
 In America to dwell.

"In America let me labor,
 On her mountains let me tell
 How He died—the blessed Saviour,
 To redeem a world from hell,
 Let me hasten
 In America to dwell.

"Bear me on, thou restless Ocean,
 Let the winds my canvass swell;
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
 While I go far hence to dwell;
 Glad I leave thee,
 Native land, farewell, farewell.

I now realised more conclusively that I had the necessity of *proving* to those around me that I was a *Christian*. I stood in the midst of an ungodly company, consisting of eighty Roman Catholics and six Jews, who were, as I had been, four infidel orators, who sided with the Jews against Jesus. The remainder was made up of Universalists and non-professors, except two good old soldiers of the cross, of the Methodist connexion, who were visiting America to see their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, intending to return to lay their bones on Britain's Isle. How horrible was the thought, that out of 126 or 130 passengers, beside the ship's crew, only *two* persons could be found who feared God, and they too on the brink of the grave!

The horrible fact impressed my mind with greater dread

after we had been out about four weeks, when all hands were expecting a speedy and safe landing on American soil, the God of waters spoke to us in a severe storm, which blew the ship out of her course, neither did the thunders of his wrath subside until we were completely dismasted near the coast of Newfoundland. I shall never forget with what strange gesticulations the sturdy crew attempted to perform duty, while the storm was raging. It commenced at night, when the ship was going ten knots an hour. The sky suddenly blackened over, the thunder roared loud, and one vivid flash of lightning shivered our main sheet to ribbons, and the main-top-sail-stay was snapped in two like a thread. When the storm subsided, the ocean was unruffled and calm. The ship was resting upon the bosom of the great deep, as though she was glad of a cessation of labor with the boisterous elements. All hands fell to work to "right the boat," and we were soon under weigh again for New York. My soul was stirred within me at the prospect of so many precious souls rushing upon the "thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler" unprepared, only to be driven back into the fire of his wrath. I determined to make a feeble effort to save them. I therefore, watched for an opportunity when the rough, swearing captain was in a good humor, and I asked his permission to allow me to call the passengers and crew together, that I might preach the gospel of Jesus to them. He swore an oath that he did not care what I did, provided I kept on my own part of the vessel. I accordingly placed a chair between the quarter and after decks, and standing upon it, my soul was stirred for the first time to attempt to preach. I selected Luke xiii: 3; "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." God knows that it was a feeble but sincere effort, and although it was the very first effort that I had made to preach Christ, yet it pleased the Lord to give me one sailor, and a happier convert I have never seen. This emboldened me so, that I have continued from that time to labor openly for the Lord. This exposed

me to new trials. The Jews and Infidels who were on board equally hated my glorious Lord, so much so, that they made friends with each other in order to persecute me. I felt myself to be in considerable danger of being thrown overboard, "but my God was my very present help in trouble." Thus, after a most tedious voyage of nine weeks, we arrived safe at the quarantine grounds near New York, early in September, just in time to witness the ravages of God's messenger, the Cholera.

No sooner had I set my foot upon American soil, than my soul was filled with misgivings. Satan tempted me with fearful forebodings, of the truth of my brother's prediction, viz: "That I should beg my bread in America." I cast my eye over the foaming surge, and prayed for a passage back again to my own country, but knowing that there was no chance there for me, I submitted myself to my destiny, whether for prosperity or poverty. For a season it was a time of darkness with me. In New York city a perfect stranger, without a recommendation to any particular individual, with but a trifle of money in my possession, my spirits were too dejected to offer myself to the Baptists, to whom I had a letter from my Church in London, I resolved to "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord."

In the midst of these difficulties, I was suddenly prostrated by the Cholera, and for two weeks I laid in a filthy hovel, without a sympathising hand to help, or heart to pray with me, yet in all these trials my blessed Jesus never left me. He restored unto me the joys of his salvation, and for his sake I recovered, to speak forth the honor of his name abroad. On recovering, I ascertained that one of my boxes containing my most valuable things had been stolen. I submitted to the loss, for there was no redress for poor me. I felt now as if my afflictions were very great, although my blessed Lord had suffered more and greater. He sanctified all my distress to me, so that I was enabled to rehearse my complaints in his ears.

On the following Monday I was much distressed on account of my stock of money being nearly exhausted, neither did I know how to get more. In this perplexity I flew to God, who directed me by strong inclination to go to Philadelphia. Accordingly I communicated my desire to my landlord, who assisted me to the steam boat early next morning. This journey occupied the entire day, and late on Tuesday night, I stepped my foot on strange ground again. After paying five dollars for my passage, I had left about 58 cents. I was accompanied by a porter to a lodging for the night, who charged me thirty-seven and a half cents, leaving me twenty-one cents to comfort myself with. I had scarcely, however, laid myself down ere I discovered from the confusion below stairs that the house to which I had been conducted was of suspicious character. This harrowed up my soul to its highest pitch. Every thing with me was now at stake, my boxes, my life and above all my reputation before men. This awoke me to a sense of prayer. I fell upon my knees and wept my complaints before God. Blessed be his name, he heard me and flew to my deliverance that night. In a moment I felt calm, assured that God would not let me beg my bread. Very early in the morning I prepared to walk out, after I had paid the woman of the house twelve and a half cents for my lodging. With but nine remaining coppers I pushed forward, I knew not where; God knew, and the very *first* place that I stopped at to find employment, I *succeeded* at the rate of \$8 per week. Immediately I went into the shop to work at the fur and cap business; and by the help of God I did well. After I had continued here a week and finding that my prospect was good, my mind became calm, so that I at once made myself known to the first Baptist Church on 2d street, with which I continued in full fellowship, enjoying the ministry of Wm. Brantly, D. D., of blessed memory. By that Church I was, in 1835, furnished with a letter certifying their approbation of my character and design, to prepare myself by appropriate

studies, to enter at a future day upon the solemn work of the Christian Ministry. All of which did my Master bring about and approve, so that I was fully licensed and regularly ordained to the sacred work of a Christian Minister, at Mount Pleasant, Westmoreland county, Pa., on the 18th of December, 1839. My council were, for the occasion, S. Seigfried, *Moderator*, James Estep, Milton Sutton and John Thomas. On behalf the Church, A. Shallenberger, and Jonathan Newmyer, *Deacons*.

Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known,
Some fresh memorial of his praise.

In bringing these pages to a close, I have no doubt but that I have tired the reader, while leading him through the various meandering paths of my experience; wherein I have endeavored to unfold faithfully, the leading providences of the our great God in bringing me, a poor lost rebel, to the glorious light of the gospel of Jesus. Whether the reader gives credit to my story or not, there is one thing that I know, viz: "That whereas I was blind, now I see." And now, dear reader, consider well what course you are pursuing. If you are a Jew, beware, I beseech you, lest while you are despising Jesus of Nazareth, he may summons you to his eternal bar, to show just cause why you crucified your King. You will then "look upon him whom you have pierced," Zech. xii: 10. "You will see his hands and his feet," Psa. xxii: 16. But you will wail for anguish of heart, for your destruction will then have come. O! fly to your Shiloh, there alone you may have life. Are you a Gentile sinner? Let me ask you, why do *you* reject the blessed Jesus? Has he not suffered, bled, groaned, and tasted death for you? What more can be done for you? How can you escape if you neglect so great salvation? Think, oh! think, the day, *the day*, THE DARK AND FIERY DAY, the great day of Revelation, it will burn as an oven, and you will be as stubble. Jesus, my Saviour, catch

hold of this ungodly reader; hold him, Lord, or he will sink to Hell.

"Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go,
Ere you are aware you'll sink
In everlasting wo.
Hell, beneath, is gaping wide,
Vengeance waits the dread command,
Soon will stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damned.
Then be entreated *now* to stop,
For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware, you'll drop
Into the burning lake.

Is the reader a child of Grace? Then let us rejoice together, for he hath torn and he hath healed us. Soon, very soon, we shall be revived in glory. Then we shall have no more horrible pit to fall into, for, even now, he has brought us up out of it. With our goings established and our feet upon a rock, let us travel on singing the new song, and looking unto Jesus.

"Then cease ye pilgrim, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize,
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season and you'll know,
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for Heaven."

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APPENDIX.

HAVING expressed, in these pages, my sincere desire to preach the gospel of Christ, it may doubtless excite in many minds an inquiry as to whether I ever realised that desire. To the multitudes, however, residing in many States of this Union, as well as in Upper Canada, to whom I have preached the word of the living God constantly, during the last eighteen years, a query of *another* feature often arises, viz: In a desire to know *when* and *where* I was endowed with authority to preach. In order that I may satisfy all inquiry upon this topic, especially those of another denomination, into whose pulpits I have frequent access, I offer for public reading my license to preach, and also my ordination certificate, printed from the *original* manuscripts, for the first time, expressly for this little book.

J. A. D.

LICENSE TO PREACH.

*The Regular Baptist Church of Christ, at Mount Pleasant
Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania,*

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN :

WHEREAS, our esteemed brother Jonas Abraham Davis, formerly a member of the First Baptist Church in the City of Philadelphia, was by the said Church, in December, A. D. 1835, furnished with a letter certifying their approbation of his character and design to prepare himself by appropriate studies, "to enter at a future day upon the solemn work of the Christian Ministry;" and, whereas, the

said brother Davis has since united with us, and been encouraged to exercise his gifts in preaching the Gospel, and has given comfortable evidence of the possession of piety, character and talents fitting him, in a good degree, to enter more fully into the work of a Gospel Minister:

We hereby certify that the aforesaid brother, Jonas Abraham Davis, has received from us a full license to go forth as a Minister of the Gospel, of the Regular Baptist Denomination, to preach the word of eternal life, wherever God in his providence may call him; and we commend him to the fellowship of the brethren, and to the confidence and esteem of all among whom he may labor or travel in the Master's service. Our prayer is that he may become an able Minister of the New Testament, and be blessed as an instrument in the building up of believers in their most holy faith, and in turning many to righteousness.

Voted, at our stated meeting for business, May 11th, A. D., 1839.

SIMEON SIEGFRIED, *Pastor*.

Attest,

A. SHALLENBERGER, }
JONA. NEWMYER, } *Deacons*.

CERTIFICATE OF ORDINATION.

This is to certify, that at the request of, and in connection with, the Regular Baptist Church of Jesus Christ, at Mount Pleasant, Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, on the eighteenth day of December, A. D., eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, the bearer hereof, Jonas Abraham Davis, was by us, regularly ordained and set apart to the office of a Gospel Minister, of the Regular Baptist Denomination; and we do, hereby, recommend him as a regular, sound and faithful Minister of the Gospel, to the attention, fellowship, and Christian love of all the Churches of our denomina-

tion in particular ; to the notice and respect of all Ministers and other Christians of other denominations ; and to the respectful acceptance of mankind in general ; hoping that he will be kindly received, and blessed by God in his labors, wherever, in Divine Providence, his lot may be cast.

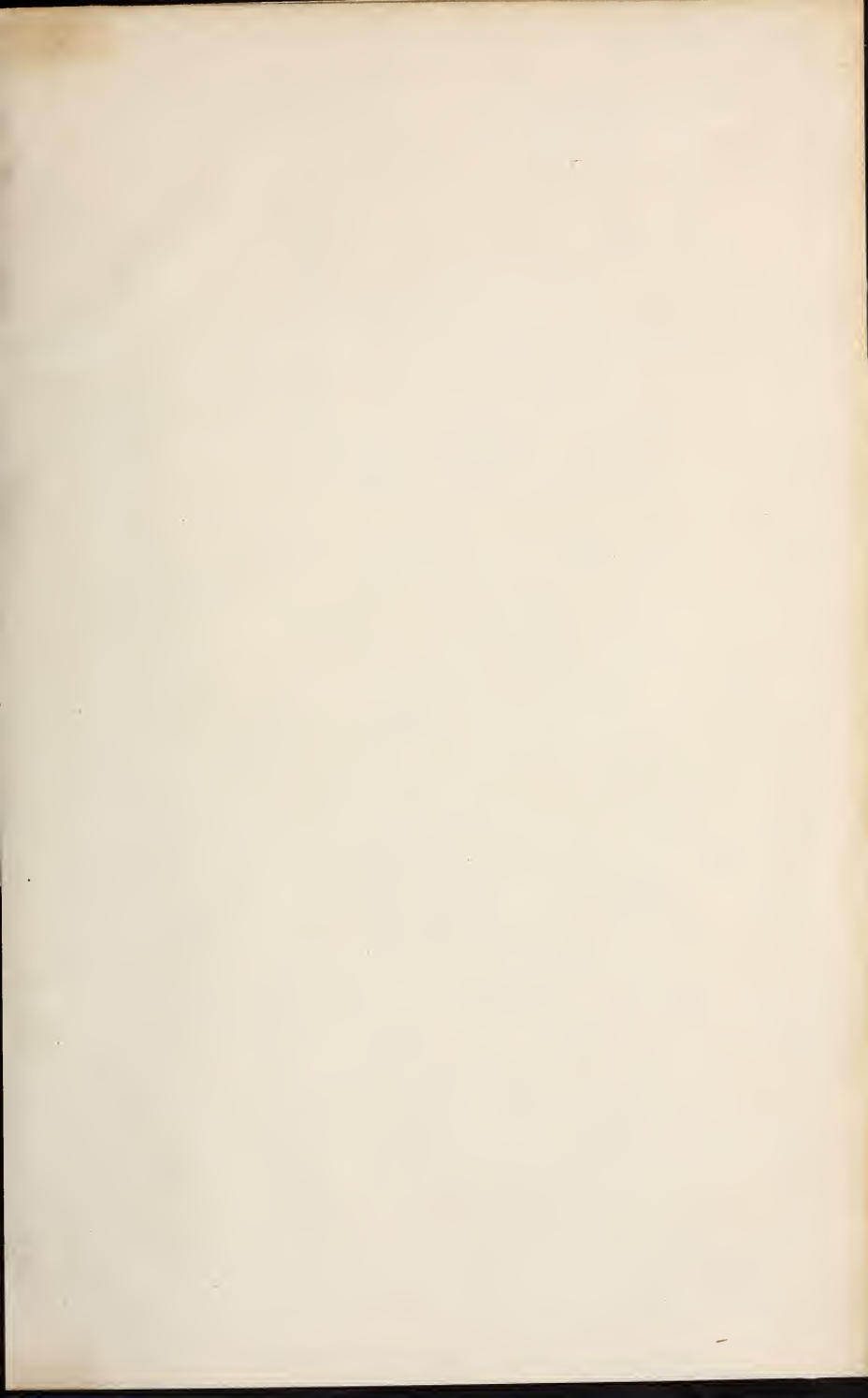
Given under our hands, the date aforesaid.

S. SIEGFRIED, *Moderator.*

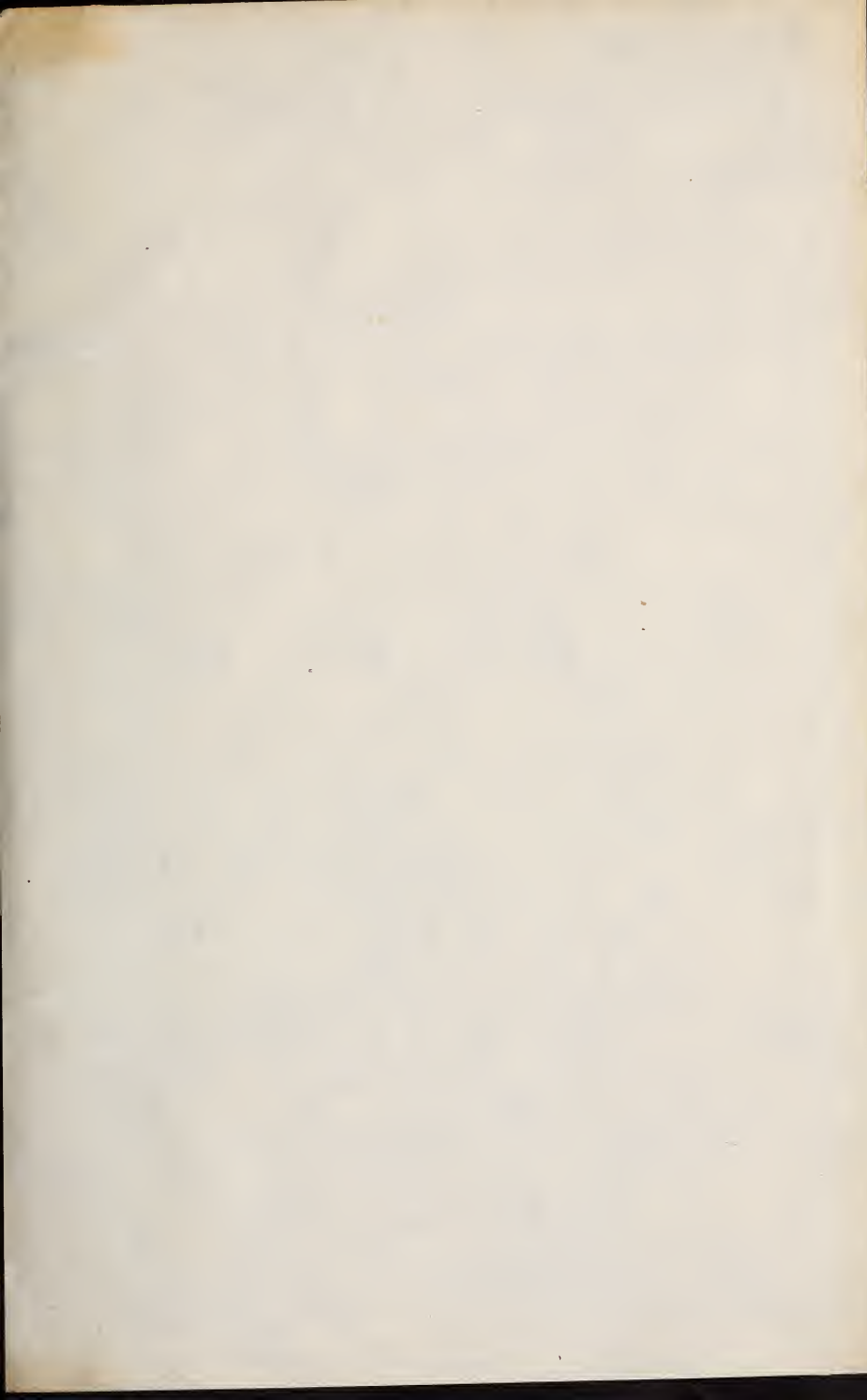
JAMES ESTEP,
MILTON SUTTON, } *Council.*
JOHN THOMAS, }

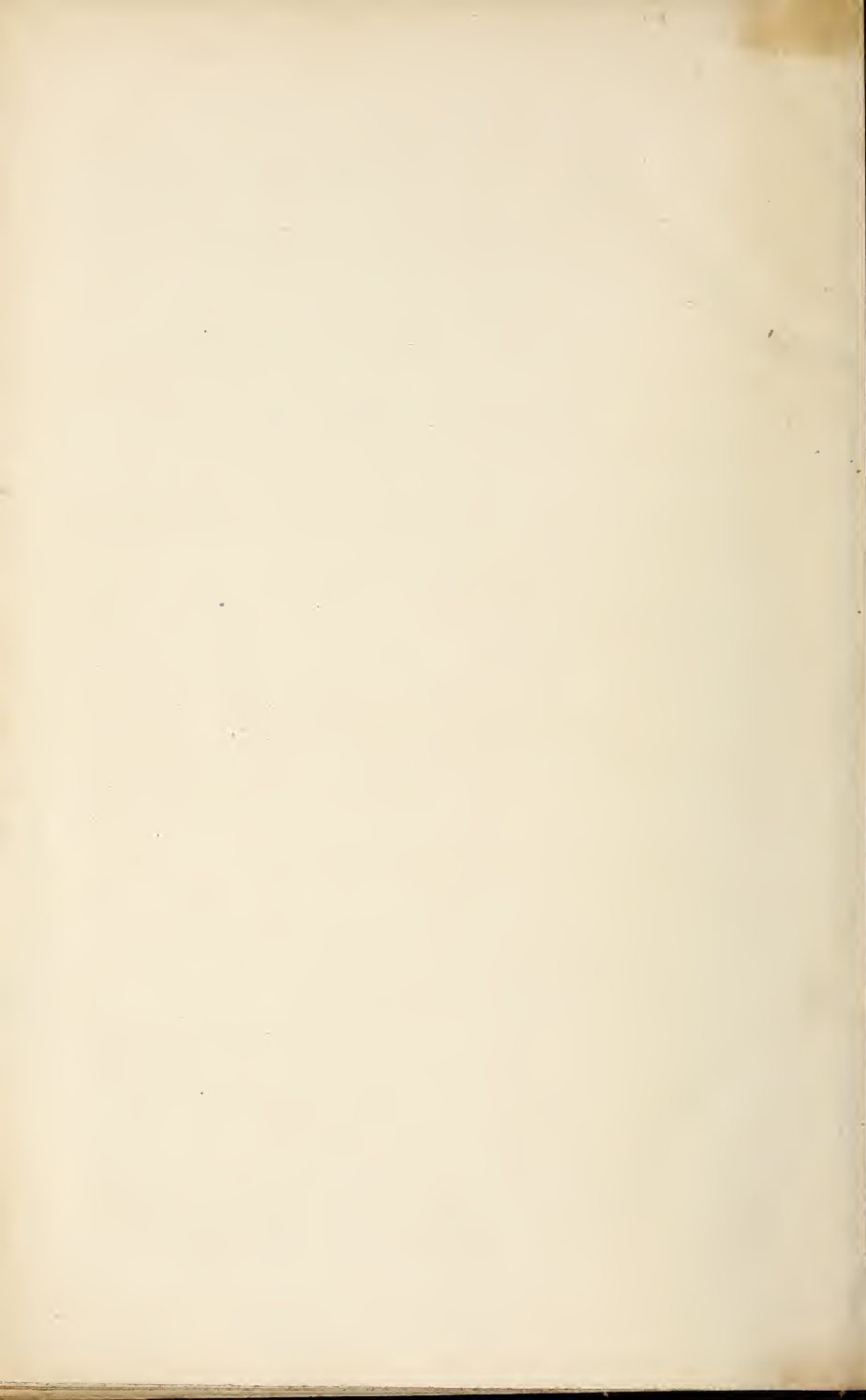
On behalf of the Church,

A. SHALLENBERGER, } *Deacons.*
JONA. NEWMYER, }









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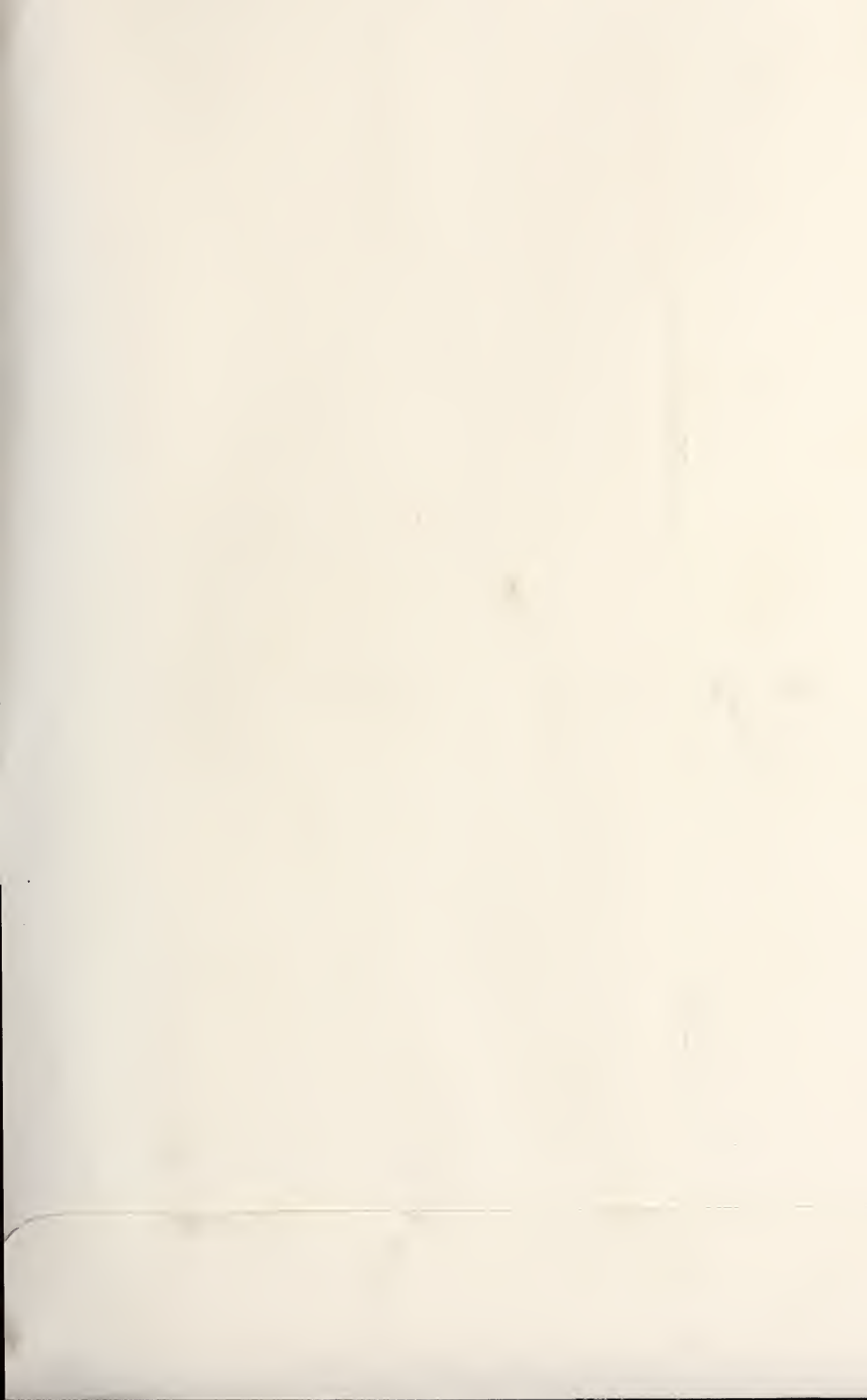
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